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—SEE INSIDE

WEEK ENDING AUG. 7, 1926

5c

Liberty

A ... for the Whole Family

In this issue

A SLICE *of* LIFE

by

P.G. WODEHOUSE

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—then please have some of these

THEY taste like nutmeats . . . only richer. They are crisp and crunchy as fresh toast.

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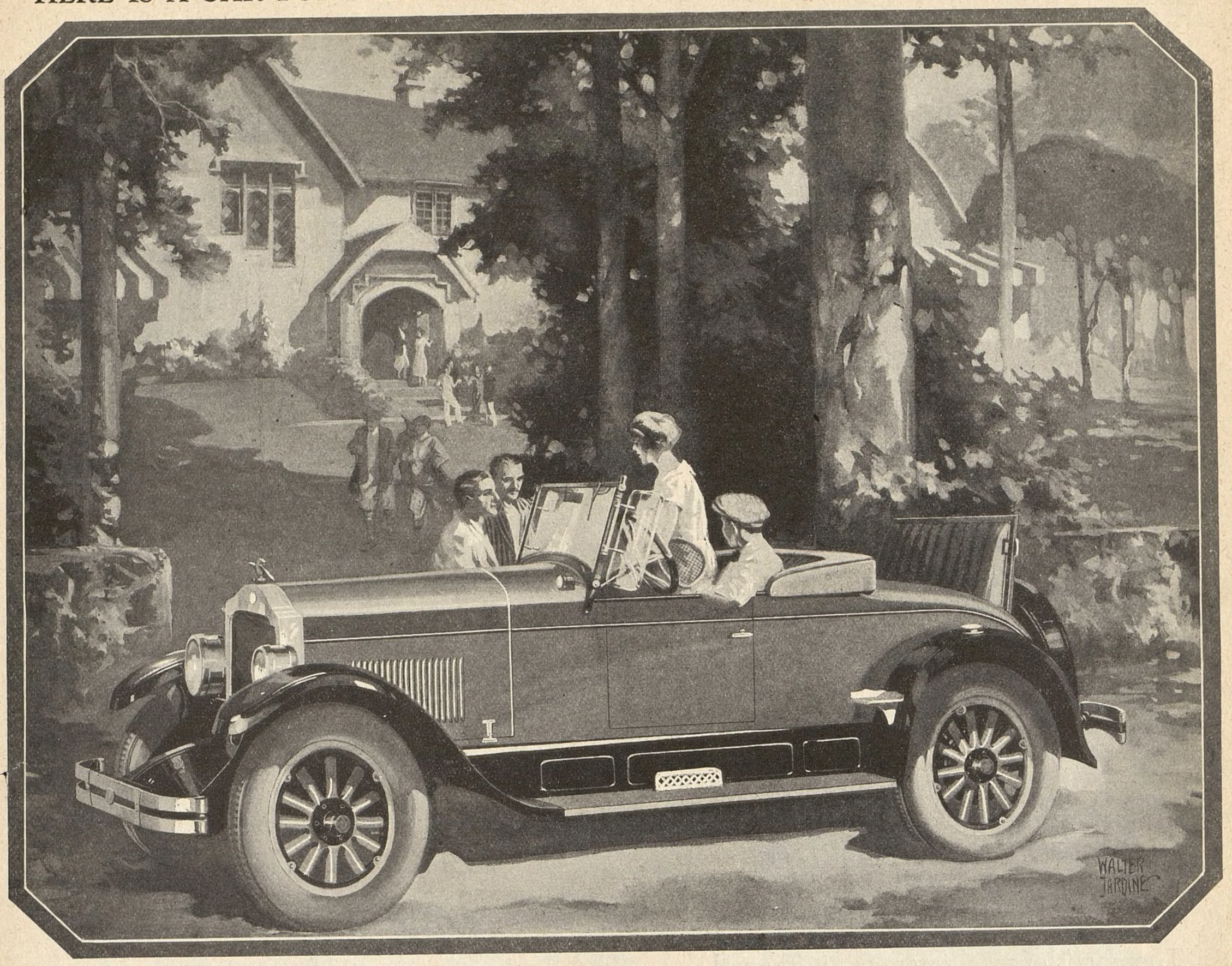

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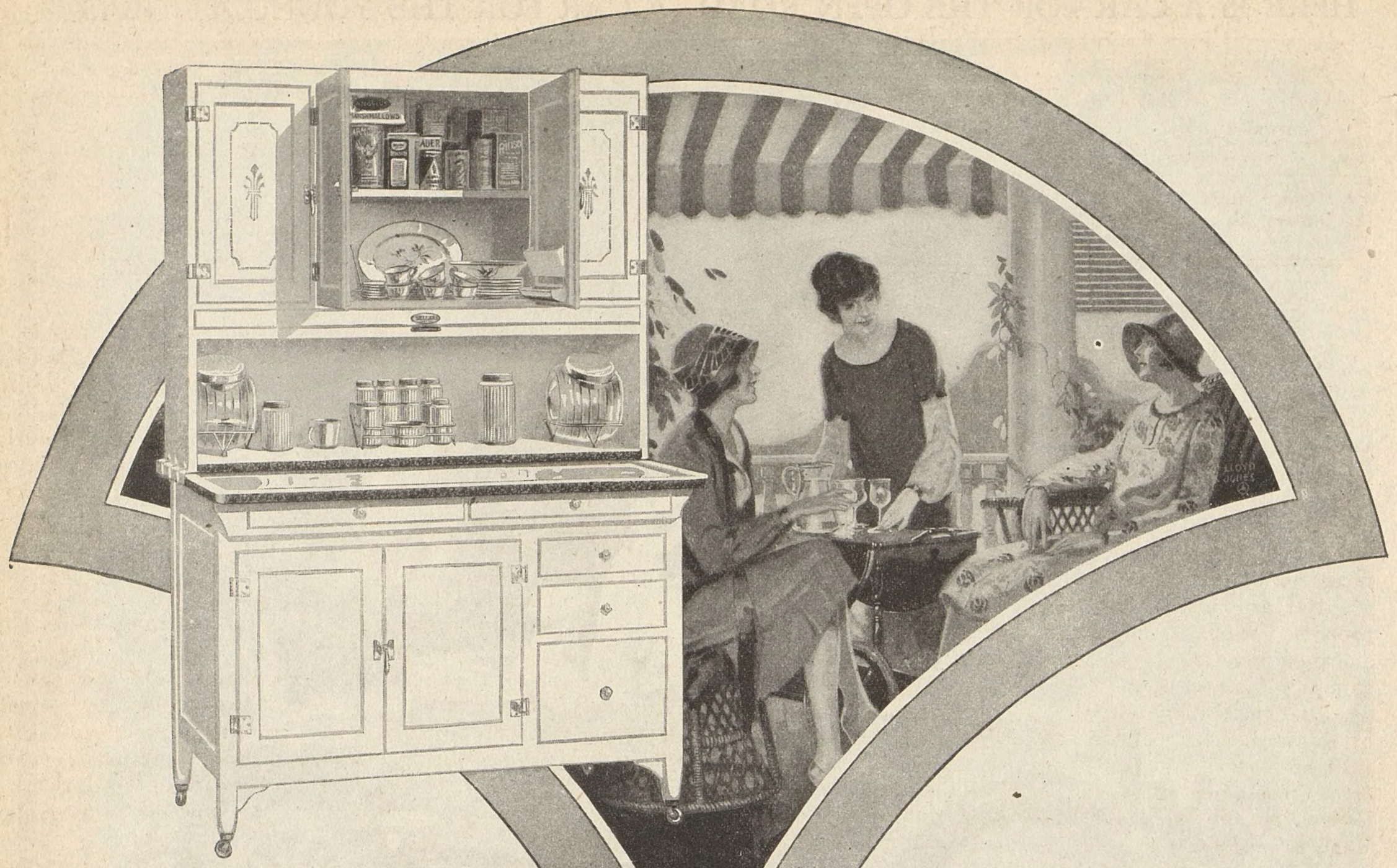
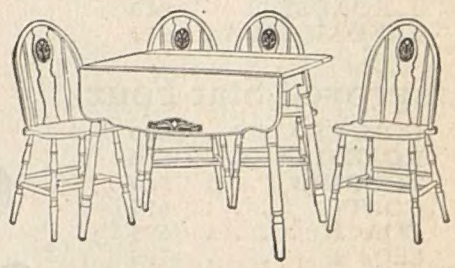


A booklet—not for women only

Thousands of men, interested in the welfare of the home, are sending for our new full-color booklet "L-8," which is cheerfully mailed, without obligation, by request to G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana. It gives many interesting suggestions as to colorful kitchens and the "fifteen famous features" of the Sellers Klearfront, and contains some new ideas for solving the problem of home storage, as made possible by Sellers utility closets.

Leisure is a vitally important word

In the complicated life of today no woman should be permitted to do any *unnecessary* work. In the home that has no good kitchen cabinet, both time and labor are extravagantly wasted. "I do my work easily and have plenty of time for my friends," says an Eastern woman, "because of the hours of drudgery which even my inexpensive Sellers cabinet saves me. Some day I'm going to have the better Sellers Klearfront, with its 'fifteen famous features.'"



SELLERS BREAKFAST SET

SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

AUG. 7, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

VOL. 3 No. 14

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WHO SHOULD GO TO COLLEGE?—*An Editorial*

Colleges, especially the more effete Eastern ones, are much wrought up over the problem: Who should go to college? In some quarters it is declared necessary, for the preservation of certain traditions and for the protection of the "parent American stock," to restrict the number of students from the "foreign groups" (especially the Jews). Psychological and other tests are being used to determine which boys are best fitted for college careers.

Harvard has been especially anxious on this score, and has proposed examining men as to their mental, physical, social, and even financial fitness before admitting them to the fellowship of the university.

On Commencement Day, when 1,625 degrees were awarded by Harvard, seven men were picked for highest scholastic distinction—that of winning the A.B. or S.B. degrees, *summa cum laude*. These men were Eliot B. Balin, Dorchester; George W. Cottrell, Jr., Cleveland; Lester Ginsberg, Dorchester; Henry M. Hart, Jr., Spokane; Stanley J. Kunitz, Worcester; Philip E. Moseley, Westfield; Norman W. Schur, Cambridge.

Analyze these names and you find that four of the seven *summa cum laude* men of Harvard, '26, are of the so-called "foreign groups."

Harvard is not unique in this respect. In the College of the City of New York, for instance, two of the three *magna cum laude* men were of this group, and more than four-fifths of the *cum laude* men were from the distinct "foreign groups"—second and third generation Americans. The honor lists of any American university disclose the same condition, in greater or lesser degree.

In the case of Harvard, a survey of the undergraduate body reveals that less than twenty-five per cent of the students may be classed as belonging to "foreign stock." In New York University the proportion is reversed. Nevertheless, there is significance in the fact that twenty-five per cent of a student body wins four-sevenths of the high honors, and that seventy-five per cent wins more than four-fifths.

The probable meaning is that these boys of "foreign" stock know why they are attending college, and are willing to work and to sacrifice pleasures and luxuries in order to acquire the knowledge that they seek. In contrast, the scions of the "old native stock," who ridicule as "greasy grinds" students who work seriously and toward a clear objective, furnish the large percentage of those who are constantly fighting conditions and pleading with tutors to cram them at the last minute to enable them to get their degrees. To a large proportion of the sons of the "old native stock" class, the fear of the displeasure of fathers and disappointment of mothers is a greater urge toward making for a degree than is the desire for knowledge.

In the extra-curriculum activities the native stock leads. Its members win most of the popularity contests and football games, while the "foreign stock" gains the *summa cum laudes* and the *magna cum laudes*—not especially because they are cleverer, but because they regard college as an opportunity, a great privilege, and not as a four-year residence in a country club.

It would seem, from reading the honor lists of various universities, that some of the faculties are taking a contradictory position in trying to limit the proportionate attendance of the very classes of boys who, on the basis of eagerness for betterment and knowledge and willingness to work, are best fitted for college life.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Starting an Amazing War Diary

A GALLANT young aviator, full of a "hunch" he was going to die, spending life recklessly and setting down, day by day, an astounding record of his adventures. That's how WAR BIRDS came to be written—a diary that ended when the writer was shot down. It's a frank chronicle of flyers, flinging conventions to the winds, living madly, gayly, bravely, as death crept nearer. In the whole record of the war, nothing has come so straight from the heart of a fighter. You'll regret it if you miss WAR BIRDS.

PHYLLIS DUGANNE knows the younger set, and can make you know it. In THE WHIRLWIND she has written a smashing serial of jazz-mad youth bent on making life a revel. Don't condemn or applaud today's young men and girls till you've finished this novel. It lets you look deeper into their lives than anything you've read.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND tells the almost unbelievable story of how GILDA GRAY struggled through poverty and terror, and, in the face of overwhelming odds, made herself the dance queen of America.

PAXTON HIBBEN gives us A ROYAL RAMPAGE, the story of a monarch who decides he'd rather be a human being than a king.

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Piping Rocks

in new colors for the Fall Suit

Men were so strong for Piping Rocks last year that we've brought them out in a new version. The same splendid quality, so perfect for tailoring; the same fine, silky texture—in wonderful new colorings. Penny Browns are feature shades; Field Grays; Deep Blues, many with unique smoke-line stripes are also in high favor. They're even richer, you'll say, than before! An exclusive Society Brand fabric—as impossible to duplicate as the Society Brand cut.

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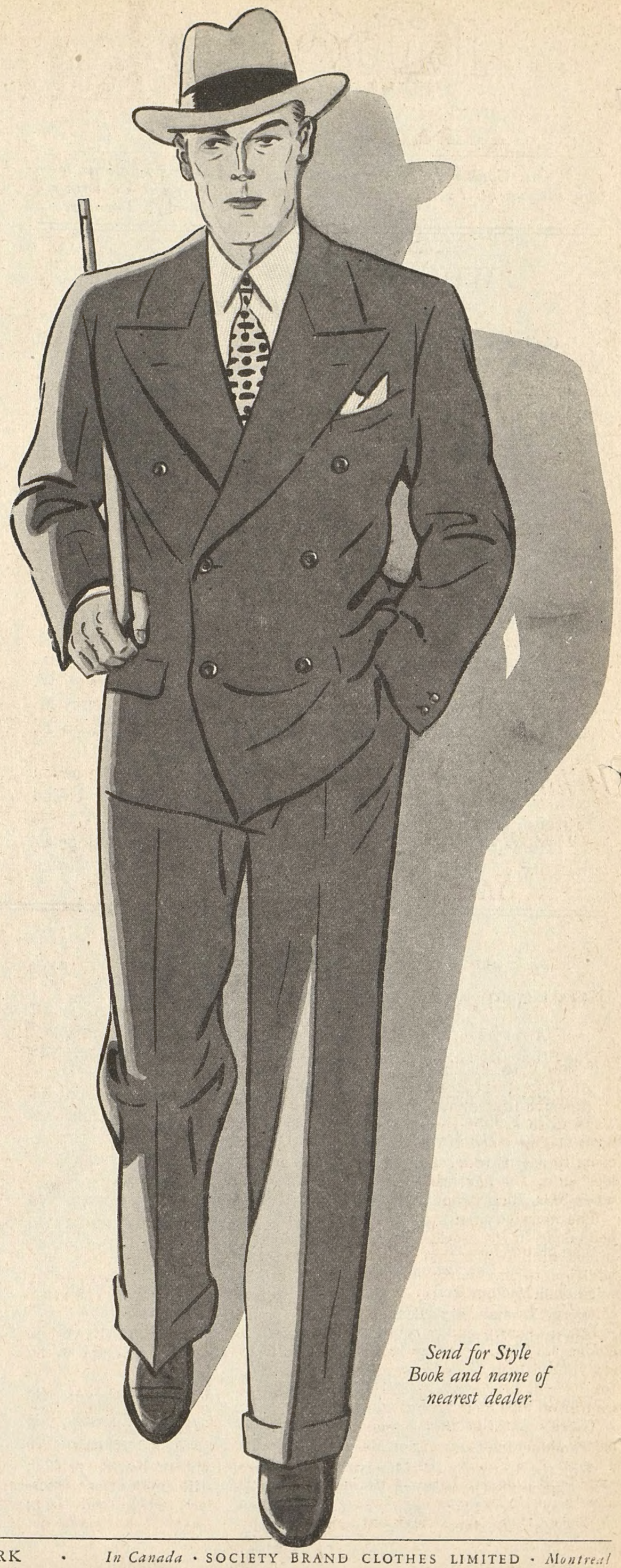

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Speaking *of getting away from the* WIFE

What Really Happens When Your Husband Stays Home

An Article by

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Picture by E. L. Chase

IF you want to flatter a married man—and the poor creatures do occasionally deserve a kind word—one of the surest ways is to say in your most mysterious and most cooing voice, "You and Mrs. Blah must come to see us soon, and you must be sure to look us up the next time you are a bachelor—when Mrs. Blah is out of town."

The married man may be the meekest little homebody in the world—and probably is—but if you hint to him that he will be a welcome addition to any party or group without his wife, even though it may be just a ride to the cemetery, he will be your friend forever.

But go slowly and carefully. Don't take a chance and invite a married man to come to see you without his wife unless you mean it—for he will be certain to take you up on any invitation that you extend to him.

There's nothing that a married man likes better than to be thought of as—well, slightly a Devil of a Fellow. In fact, if you continue your invitations and attentions, he will eventually blink mild eyes at you and start a sentence that will inevitably contain the phrase, "Speaking of getting away from the wife——"

Speaking of getting away from the wife! How many men I've heard utter that sentence! I'll admit right here, though, for the sake of those poor wives who may still retain some of the tenderness and extreme jealousy of the first six months of marriage, that all most husbands do is to *speak* of getting away from their wives. They don't really do anything. I know.

JANE, the little homebody who hadn't understood.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SPEAKING OF GETTING AWAY FROM THE WIFE
Continued from Page Seven]

For some years now I've lived in a Long Island suburb only a short drive from the heart of New York City. Because we live on Long Island we do not usually find it necessary to seek further pastures when summer comes. We're situated so that it is always convenient—sometimes far too convenient—for our friends to drop in on us, especially in summer.

Each year from my vantage point of Long Island's most accessible suburb I've watched wives go away for the summer, and I've heard husbands lower their voices and say huskily, "Speaking of getting away from the wife"—and then I've seen those very husbands after their wives have left them to their own resources.

There is one chap I know—the usual Devil of a Fellow—a handsome blond man with careless, whimsical ways and a supposedly magnetic smile. He's the type that shouldn't be married—he'll tell you so himself, if pressed. What he needs is freedom. Freedom of expression. Freedom of soul.

His marriage was one of the kind where he started courting the girl and then simply couldn't break her heart by disappointing her. Oh, you know how it is.

And now, after all, the wife is a nice little thing and he can't bear to hurt her by tearing himself away forever. So each year he manages to send the wife away on long vacations up in the country. His one way of getting a little freedom. Usually he joins his wife for week-ends.

He is convinced that his wife is enormously jealous, and perhaps she is—women are funny that way, though most folks wonder what she could be jealous about.

Whenever you meet this handsome blond devil on the street his conversation will inevitably contain hints as to what he is going to do when his wife goes away. At his wife's departure, does the handsome blond delve into untellable orgies with all of the beautiful girls of whom his wife is jealous? Does he plunge deep into the night life of our gay city?

You know the answer as well as I do. He spends part of his evenings reading those books he wanted to get at during the winter when his wife preferred the theater or concerts instead. Occasionally he rounds up a man friend and gets in a little quiet drinking, with a resultant headache the next morning.

Once in a great while he is prevailed upon to attend a gathering of old friends, where he sits awkwardly about, hedging away a bit if a little married woman happens to say something one degree warmer than the most formal acquaintanceship might call for. If he is alone in the room with a member of the opposite sex for more than five minutes he becomes confused.

I know a woman who forced him into kissing her, and for days he looked as if he expected to be the object of an alienation suit.

THEN there is Eddie G. Eddie is one of my special friends and I adore him. When the Little Woman is at home he is a splendid companion; but when the wife has departed for a few weeks' vacation, Eddie turns into the silliest sort of creature. He wants to be, oh, so gay! He is pitiful in his attempted jocularity. Not that he desires to do anything bold or wild, you understand, but he does so want to be gay. As gay as possible.

He is a terrible dancer and thinks that the fox trot is danced just like the old two-step, only faster. Sometimes he can recognize a waltz, but it usually isn't until the dance is half over—and when the wife is out of town Eddie insists on dancing. He pleads so hard it is almost impossible to refuse him, and before you know it there are you and Eddie on the dance floor and Eddie is being gay—without the wife.

You manage to get through the evening somehow, even if your mood isn't as joyous as Eddie's. But you notice toward the end of the evening that there is a sad look in Eddie's eyes and you realize he is probably wishing that the Little Woman were home again.

Sometimes Eddie holds your hand in the taxi going home. He has even been known to peck shyly at your cheek—but, after all, the usual married man's lovemaking is nothing to grow reminiscent about, and Eddie is even one step below usual, if my experience can be counted for anything. Yet I am sure that Eddie thinks of himself as always having a gay round of pleasures while his wife is out of town.

There is the Lost Soul. The Lost Soul is the fellow who is always telling his wife and all of his friends what he'd do if he were free. He actually believes what he says. When the wife tells him she intends to take a trip, he rolls over in his mind all of the places he is going to visit and all the people he is going to see.

The Lost Soul doesn't realize that folks actually put up with him most of the time because of his wife; that they think he is pretty much of a dub, and that they can just barely stand him, even when she is around.

The wife goes away and the Lost Soul starts in. He goes through his entire telephone list, and to each person he tells the wonderful thing that has come to him. He is all alone! Free—well, just now, anyhow. What are you going to do and where are you going to do it? Do you need an extra man in your party?

You try to break the news as gently as possible that what you are doing does not include the Lost Soul, and that if you did need an extra man he'd never by any possible chance be the extra man you needed. Poor creature!

For weeks he goes around horning in on dates where he isn't wanted, making up parties no one wants to attend—and being a nuisance generally.

There is the married man who, when he speaks of getting away from the wife, continues his speech far beyond its proper proportions.

Picture by W. K. Starrett

He hedges away if a married woman happens to say something one degree warmer than——

To hear his exploits you would think that he spent his winters praying for the summer to come so his wife would go out of town. But if you pass the house while his wife is away you'll see this same fellow watering or cutting the lawn or holding out a stick for the dog to jump over.

Richard's case is a little different. Richard spoke of getting away from his wife for a long time. Just incompatible. Everything was all wrong with Jane. I'll admit I thought a few things were wrong with her, but, after all, Richard married when he was nearly thirty, and she had the same things the matter with her then. She was too quiet—never said anything—though in this case I can't think that was a fault, as there was no possible thing Jane had to say. Just dumb.

Half a dozen girls flitted through Richard's life, and he gave a willing eye and a willing ear to all of them, though he took them lightly enough. Then he met Julia. Julia was nothing like Jane—nor, luckily, like anyone else. A cute little thing who always had too much to say about everything. Pert.

Richard fell for her. He met her surreptitiously whenever he could. From then on his conversation was papered with "Speaking about getting away from the wife—" Poor old Jane! Richard had outgrown her. Life held so many more wonderful things than Jane could ever know about. Jane was Below Him Mentally.

After several months of talk about getting away from Jane, Richard persuaded her to go to the mountains for the summer. Then he started in with his little affair with Julia. He hinted to his friends that he was going to arrange that Jane wouldn't come back at all; that he and Julia—well, you know how that is.

THEN things began to happen. Julia wanted to go some place all the time, and the places she chose cost money. She insisted on talking of her own affairs continually. She introduced other young men into the parties, and didn't see why she had to give up all of her acquaintances for Richard. Jane had never had any young men hanging around.

There was no one to darn Richard's socks or look after his laundry or get his breakfast, and Julia plainly indicated that she wouldn't do these things even after—well, if she and Richard ever should marry.

Richard, who was accustomed to spend several nights a week reading or talking expansively while Jane listened, found himself dragged to roadhouse after roadhouse. He got indigestion from the food and headaches from the drinks. He grew uncomfortable with Julia and her young admirers and longed for—yes, you've guessed it—Jane, the little homebody who hadn't understood.

When Jane came back, Richard welcomed her so warmly that she was a bit puzzled, but she didn't say anything—Jane wasn't in the habit of saying a great deal; but Richard no longer ruminates as to what he would do if he could get away from his wife.

There is John and Philip and Freddie—and they all like to *speak* of getting away from their wives—and they are all lonely, and most eager for their wives to return if they are left alone.

As a matter of fact, most husbands are rather decent fellows. The average married man is a good provider, a good husband, and a good father. He doesn't want to be a devil. He wants his coffee and toast on time in the morning, and he doesn't even look for much variety in life.

He spends the same hours at his office every day, and is usually home in time for dinner—or a little ahead of time, so he can prod his wife into action and hasten the dinner hour. After dinner, he wants to take some calm pleasure, such as driving the family car, or reading the papers or the magazines, or going to the movies. Even a bridge game is an event for him.

He may be a fine fellow, but sometimes he's a bit of an old dodderer, too. Maybe he realizes that. He is not really popular with the gals, and his pretense at popularity is just another pitiful attempt to get more out of life than life is willing to give to him.

When his wife goes away to a summer resort, he may know that his enthusiasms over the possibilities of a grand time during his days of freedom may fall flat, but he doesn't like to admit it. He works himself into a false state of mind—and I think he knows it.

He knows that the servant his wife has left in charge of the house will neglect him. He knows his breakfast will be late, that his dinners will be poor, and that he won't have any place to go evenings. A pitiful creature, surely. Can't we allow him his little conceits?

The husband, when he is left alone, visits his friends unwanted, and pinches women's arms, if he happens to be of that type, and tells fabulous stories of his freedom because he has nothing else to do.

You don't hear wives start sentences with "Speaking of getting away from the husband—" Certainly not. The little wife knows what she's about. She doesn't have to talk. When she is away from her husband she carries with her her own little air of domesticity—and of freedom.

If she desires masculine friends, she knows how to obtain them. She is resourceful, at ease. She is intuitive enough to know which of her friends wants to see her without her husband. She is clever enough to make new friends—and, above all, she is discreet enough not to talk of what she does every minute of her time.

I know a dozen women who, behind their most innocent exteriors, have thoughts which would turn their husbands more than a slight purple if the gentlemen were mind readers. And yet these wives do not talk of getting away from their husbands.

Each wife holds up to her husband a mirror reflecting his own masculine stupidity and clumsiness, and leads her own tight little life behind the mirror—which is as it has always been and always will be.

No doubt Adam made boastful remarks commencing "Speaking about getting away from the wife—"; but it was Eve, out on a good time of her own making, who met the Serpent.

IF I had money enough, I would start a Home for Husbands Whose Wives Are Away on Holiday. There would be telephone booths where husbands could ring up mysterious cuties and make never-to-be-kept dates.

There would be fragrant and misty gardens where, in the moonlight, husbands could talk their foolish prattle to fair girls who would listen as if they were interested, and not remind the husbands of similar conversations they made years ago, nor talk of how good their wives are; for that is not what ought to be said on moonlit evenings.

However, we wives must keep up the illusion of our husbands that we are jealous of them—and that they are strong, virile, masculine creatures who are apt to stray at the first call of temptation, even though there are times when we wish they would. Wives, now——

Jimmie C. just telephoned me. His wife told me yesterday that she was leaving for Rhode Island, to be gone for three weeks, and I know that Jimmie has had a haircut, has looked critically into the looking-glass, and has decided that his double chin doesn't show, after all. He asked me to have tea with him.

Well, I may as well keep him out of the clutches of other women, even though I know one of his first sentences will start, "Speaking of getting away from the wife——"

THE END

More of Mrs. Winslow's searching observations on life in the jazz age will be published in early issues of LIBERTY. These articles are shrewd and penetrating commentaries that no up-to-date reader will want to miss.

When WAR LIFTS
the MASKS *of* MEN

WAR BIRDS

The intimate, uncensored diary of a young American aviator in France

THIS diary, which LIBERTY will publish serially beginning next week, is the most amazing revelation of human nature we have ever seen. The author—a typical clean-cut young flying officer—sets down frankly and without reservation the day-to-day story of his life overseas up to the very hour when he was killed.

He tells of his friendships and his hatreds, his love affairs, his gay parties, his thrilling battles in the sky. He shows men and women stripped of cautions and conventions by the clutch of war.

With death riding on their wings, he and his companions seize the cup of life and drain it to the last drop.

BEGIN IT in
LIBERTY
Next Monday

The Stunt Girl

THE man whirled as Sam sprang into the room, making a shield of the girl's body against Sam's gun.

SAM sold spindles—spindles for silk mills—on which was wound the shining thread to be woven into gorgeous garments for pretty ladies.

His trip had been a good one. This was his last town, and he stood at the hotel desk, checking out, ready to start for New York in his little coupe. He could make it by nightfall with any kind of luck, and take in a second show—perhaps one in which Dulcie Daring was starred.

There was a girl for you—a pip! Pretty, of course; dance and swim and ride; always taking the desperate chances that made her films real thrillers. Sam was in love with her. Not in a mushy way. But she represented his ideal. She was due to make a personal appearance. He couldn't miss that.

Sam tossed his key on the desk. The girl at the phone exchange called over. There was a call for Sam—from New York.

It was the factory. There had been a minor breakdown that meant a hitch in the delivery of orders he had sent in. It was two hours before he got all his connections, talked with his men personally, and squared delays. At Littleton, 6 o'clock and sunset, a tire blew out.

There was a garage handy and a restaurant close by. He ran the coupe into the first and parked himself in the second. The waitress passed him a New York afternoon paper. The scarlet scarehead across the front page fairly leaped out at him:

SCREEN QUEEN SINKS FROM SIGHT

That, above a three-column picture of Dulcie Daring. He forgot the section of steak poised on his fork, and read.

She had been abducted in broad daylight while on location.

Zuebert, head and front of the Stellar Films, had been interviewed.

"We were right in the middle of the picture. We have spent two hundred thousand dollars on that film already, and she was to make a personal appearance next week. This is terrible. I have heard nothing. But I expect to. If it is ransom or a reward, I will give ten thousand dollars for her return—in good condition, you understand; otherwise they should hang the rascals."

Sam hurriedly finished his meal, tipped the waitress, and went to the garage. He wanted to see the play more than ever now.

"There's a cut over Baldwin's Hill," the garage man told him. "Stiff climb, but you can make it; an' you hit the new cement road

One Wild Night On *the* Road *to* Romance

A Short Story by

J. ALLAN DUNN

Pictures by ROBERT W. STEWART

at Purdy. You turn in two miles down, jest after you cross the bridge. There's one fork on the right—runs up to the Sakawanha Rod an' Gun Club. There's a sign."

Sam found the turn-off. The road looked fair, but it got pretty bad after he was well into it. And then the last of the twilight was wiped out with the clouds of a sudden storm. Rain came down in torrents, but Sam kept on.

At last he saw the light of his lamps on the sign at the fork close to the top of the ridge. Now he began to descend, cautiously, in low. He had seen no houses. He was driving over a series of rocky ledges, with high banks close on each side, and no chance to turn.

A turn, a jolting slope, and he ran into a mudhole. Ahead of him was what was left of a bridge. The left railing was gone, and water swashed over the boards, turbulent and muddy. The coupe squatted in the quagmire, where he perforce braked it and shut off his engine.

It looked like the end of an imperfect day. But no use getting sore about it. Maybe there was a house round here, after all.

Sam shrugged into his raincoat, took his torch, and slopped round the back of the car.

He looked up the right-hand slope. There was a house there. At least, there was a light —blinking, eclipsed at regular intervals, on and off. Short and long. Three of each. Three short again. Repeat.

"Suffering spindles! S O S!" Sam knew his code. He had wigwagged in France, directions for the guns.

S O S. Adventure beckoned!

The light vanished. No sense in trying to answer back. Best be cautious—as the sender had been. He dimmed his lights, opened up his head lamps and unscrewed the bulbs till they failed, leaving the tail light's warning red.

He got over a tottering stone wall, and fought through brambly growth up the hillside, slipping, advancing, with the curious feeling that he had done just this thing before. He had—Hill 340, outside Verdun. But then he had been armed, and not alone. His blood began to tingle.

LIGHT again. Different. A narrow bar of orange. A driveway. Straggling, sodden bushes; scent of phlox. A porch. He saw now why he had not seen this light before. Too low down. Screened by the bushes.

The porch steps creaked a little, but the rain covered that. Window to the left of the door, the blind not quite drawn down. Near him an empty crate, a broken, abandoned chair.

The window reached to the floor. Sam crouched, peering in; then ducked, lay flat on the porch boards, behind the crate. The door was opening, light raying from it. A heavy tread on the unsteady porch, a husky, rumbling voice. Another chiming in, higher pitched, with a hint of a whine in it. City voices —not cultured—using gangsters' slang.

A heavy, husky-voiced man was speaking from the top of the porch steps:

"I don't like it, Slim. He shu'd have bin back, or phoned, two hours ago. It don't look good tuh me. The trains are on time. I called the depot. He cu'd have walked here on his hands by now."

"Figger he's made a bull of it?"

"Naw. I ain't afraid for Jake. I ain't afraid *of* him, but I'm leary. He had it all

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE STUNT GIRL
Continued from Page Eleven]

doped out. If Zuebert tried any funny bis'-ness, Jake was fixed tuh git wise an' block it. He's smart enough—too smart! An' so's that new Jane of his."

"You figgerin' Jake 'ud try ter double-cross us?" asked Slim, and his high, half-whining voice held a pantherish quality. "What 'ud that git him?"

"You've had too much coke, or you need more. We're askin' fifty grand for the girl. Split that three ways. Call it seventeen apiece. Suppose he offers tuh turn us up, tell 'em who's got her an' where she is, for thirty grand? That Jane of his, she's grand-greedy, an' she's got Jake's goat. He's crooked."

"If he's done that, I'll be the one that bumps him off!"

"I'll tend tuh Jake—later. That don't help us now. I don't like it."

"Whatcha goin' tuh do erbout it?"

"Move. Rain's quittin'. We'll give Jake thirty minutes. If we don't hear from him, we blow for Barney's. Jake was all for this dump, an' it looks like he had a reason. Park the girl in Barney's roadhouse, an' she's there for keeps. If Zuebert tries gettin' funny, I may keep her, at that."

"An' we'll hafta split with Barney."

"No, we won't. I've got the goods on Barney—an' it ain't for bootleggin'. He knows it. He'll do what I ask him an' lay off."

"What d'yuh mean, you'll keep the girl?"

"If Jake's snitched, if it gits too hot for us, we ain't goin' ta make 'em a present of her, are we? I'd as soon slit her throat. But she's a swell piece of white goods. An' salable—when we git ready tuh sell. I'm givin' Jake till nine o'clock. You go up an' tell her tuh git ready."

Slim went inside. The big man followed.

Sam saw the big man—he had the look of a bull, the eyes of a pig, a cruel, debased, and treacherous face—glance at his watch, fill up a glass from a bottle, and start to play solitaire with a greasy deck of cards.

Slim, he supposed, had gone upstairs through the open door before Sam could look in beneath the blind. And then Slim entered, a grin twisting his thin lips. He looked like a white rat, his eyes shifty, nervous fingers twitching the end of his long nose.

SAM could not hear what he said, but it seemed satisfactory. The big man went on sorting his cards. Behind his back, with a leer, Slim shook something from a scrap of paper on the flesh between curving thumb and forefinger, and snuffed it up.

Sam looked at his wrist watch. The shining hands marked twenty minutes of nine. Twenty minutes more. They would get their car, find his, find the bridge under water. But they might be bound the other way—for Barney's. If he only had a gun! He did not doubt that both of them were armed.

The scrollwork of the porch post was rotten in his hand as he climbed. The rotted shingles slid like slime as he perched on the roof of the porch.

Three short—three long—three short again—flashed into the window from his torch. She might not know more of the code, but——

The face of Dulcie Daring behind the pane! Sam turned the ray on himself and nodded. There was the blue sputter of a match, a lamp lit by the girl. Sam tried the frames. She shook her head at him. Her lips—how often he had seen them shape words on the screen—said, "Nailed." She imitated the strokes of a hammer.

Cool, as he had known she would be. But he couldn't get her out that way. The panes were small; the frames would have to be smashed, too. The rain had almost ceased. The racket would be alarming.

If he could follow their car—to Barney's? Give the alarm? That wouldn't work. There was going to be trouble in fifteen minutes, when they found the coupe.

She had smiled at him—shaken her head and smiled. She considered him a friend, anyway—though she thought him a poor sort of hero, he supposed.

Sam slid back, digging his fingers into the treacherous shingles. He almost slipped over the edge. A rusty gutter checked him before it gave way, swung down. Legs around the porch post, he managed to hitch it back in place. Then the post began to tear loose. He had to jump for it, landing, half on the porch, half on the steps, with a thud.

The door flew open. The big man filled it.

"Who in blazes are you?"

"Stuck down at the bridge. I guess it's gone by now. I'm a traveling salesman. Chap at the Littleton garage said this was a short cut. It's short, all right. Thought you might have a team—or a phone. I can't back up that hill. Can't turn round. Willing to pay you, of course."

"Oh, you are, are you?"

The husky voice was softened, almost a purr.

"Slim, you git down an' see how this gent's car is fixed. Carryin' samples, mister?"

"Sure."

"How did you know there was a house up here?"

THE purr was a rasp. Sam knew that peril was reaching out close.

"Saw a light in your upstairs window."

"Ah! You come inside, young feller, an' we'll see what we kin do for yuh."

The invitation was not to be denied. Slim's report would help. He went into the room as casually as he could.

"Phone's out of order." They did not mean him to communicate with the outside. They meant——

Slim came in with his sample bag, spilling its contents.

"What's the idea of dousin' your headlights?" he asked.

"Battery's weak. No one can get at me over the bridge. I left the tail light on."

"Cautious bird, ain't you? What in hell's them things for?"

Sam explained the spindles, wondering if the girl could hear his voice—if she would take comfort from it or think him trapped, like herself. Only he was not a prize worth keeping.

As he talked he took in the room, barely furnished, the table with the cards, the bottle, and the lamp, the remnants of a cold meal, a pot of mustard, a bag of salt ripped open, a small can of pepper with the top off.

The piggy eyes viewed him deliberately. A butcher might look at a sheep that way. Slim's orbs were glittering, his pale face eager, twitching. The big man fingered the spindles. Sam saw now the bulge of a holster by his left armpit. Slim too was primed for murder. The other might kill from inexorable purpose; Slim *wanted* to.

"It's too bad you got stuck, young feller," began the big man.

The phone that was out of order rang shrilly. He sprang to it, lifting the receiver.

"Who's this?" he demanded. "Jake?"

His face grew grim, dark with rising blood, as he listened, then set the receiver back on the hook.

"Was it Jake? What'd he say?"

The other did not answer the question directly.

"We've bin played fer suckers. I'm goin' upstairs." He paused at the door. "You 'tend ter him, Slim," he said.

Sam heard him running up the stairs, pounding on a door, and, with Slim grinning at him with his twisted mouth and sheer murder in his gleaming eyes, he still strained all his senses to listen.

"Open that door, you!" he heard. "Open it, before I bust it down."

"Here's where you go out like a light, feller," sneered Slim; "just for buttin' in, drummer-boy."

Slim's automatic flashed from its holster, blue in the lamplight. Suddenly Sam flung the can of pepper fairly in Slim's jeering, sneering face, while he swept the lamp from the table with his other hand. Sam heard the bark of the gun, the smack of the bullet in the wall back of him, plaster falling with the crash of broken glass, the mingled reek of powder gas and hot oil, as he grappled with the gangster.

He found Slim's throat, bearing him back, slamming him against the wall, choking, sneezing, and jerking in an agony of inflamed membranes. Sam smashed him savagely in the face and dropped him, gasping and gagging convulsively; unconscious from the final swing to the jaw.

Sam switched on his torch, found the gun, found the stairway in a little back hall, and went leaping up the treads. The door of the girl's room hung from the top hinge, its flimsy panels splintered, the lock torn loose.

The big man had her in his clutch, off the floor, fighting hard, her nails scoring his face, but helpless as a fawn in the grip of a bear. The bed was back of them, close to the window; beside it, a small table holding the lamp; a flimsy chair.

The man whirled as Sam sprang into the room, making a shield of the girl's body against Sam's gun, grasping her with one arm, getting his own gun clear. The bullet ripped Sam's coat at the shoulder, creased the flesh. As Sam dodged, striving for a shot, the girl got her arms free, clawed her captor's cheek, then twisted desperately and sank her teeth into the wrist she caught and momentarily held.

THE bully bellowed, cursing as he dropped his gun, the red blood spurting from torn veins. Sam darted in, kicking the weapon under the bed, himself ready to fire. But the other flung the girl fairly at him, and leaped in as Sam staggered back, the girl falling to her knees and encumbering him.

The two men rolled to the floor, wrestling for possession of the gun. Wisps of smoke came stealing up the stairs, with the smell of scorching wood and the mutter and crackle of flame. Sam barely sensed this. He had been almost winded by the impact of the girl; and now, putting out all his strength in burst after burst of lessening effort, he knew himself worsted.

The other man outweighed him by at least forty pounds. His bulk was solid and he knew the rough-and-tumble game. The handicap was too great. He was astride Sam's chest, his knees grinding Sam's biceps. Slowly he forced up Sam's right forearm to where he could bring both hands to the task of getting the gun. He grinned evilly, sure of conquest.

As he lay on the floor, Sam saw a licking glow on the stairway beyond the broken door. The house must have caught fire from the lamp he had sent spinning. The old shack would flare like a matchbox, rain or no rain.

"Get out, Miss Daring!" he gasped. "Through the window! Break it!"

The bully growled, smashing him on the jaw. The room was awhirl. Things grew hazy. He must hang on to the gun. The floor was getting hot.

Dulcie Daring called to him, a broken chair in her hands.

" I tried to find his gun under the bed," she said. " But there isn't time. Come on."

The stairway was a flaring shaft of leaping, roaring flame. The bully, blood on his forehead, lay half supported on his arms, like a man who hears the referee's last count.

Sam seized the remnant of the chair, and, standing on the bed, crashed out frame and glass. The girl crawled through.

" Look out for the shingles," he warned her; " like ice! "

There was a ruddy glow inside the room now, beside the lamp, and he saw her quick nod and grin of assurance. He swung his gun toward the big man, now on his feet again, swaying a little.

" You stay the other side of the bed till I'm gone."

The other hesitated, urged by the quickening fire, checked by the weapon.

Sam slid down the shingles, using the gunsight for a brake. The girl, gymnast that she was, was swinging from the unstable gutter. She dropped, and Sam followed.

Then came a crash. The rotten porch roof had given way under the heavy man's weight, and he fell, striking the ground heavily, with an oath and a groan as he tried to get up and sank back again with a broken ankle.

" He's out of it," panted Sam. " Got to get the other one."

" No! " The girl caught at his arm, terror on her face. The lower room was a furnace.

" Can't let him burn."

It was one thing to slug a man, to shoot him in fair fight; another to——

As Sam thrust in the door, the draft blew back the flames for a moment, and he saw the prone figure of Slim, groping feebly.

Sam darted in, holding his breath against the fierce heat that crisped his hair and scorched his skin. He got hold of Slim's collar and hauled him out to the porch, then to the sodden ground among the shrubs. The rain was over.

The girl was gone.

Then he saw her, fallen. There had been too many reactions, even for her, crowded into the last thirty hours—and she had fainted. It was just as well, Sam thought, as he bore her down the drive.

Dulcie Daring in his arms! He felt a bit light-headed. But he got her into the car, and tried out the bridge, wading, feeling for the planks. His one idea was to get her away.

SAM, close to New York, on the Bronx Park Boulevard, felt the fine glow of adventure passing. He had rescued a star —though she had really rescued herself at the last, when she struck the bully with the chair, he told himself—but she shone far above him. He was only a glowworm, a hedge-lantern, by comparison.

Of course she was grateful. She had shown that, even snuggled up a bit. But it was all over.

Then the girl gave him the shock of the evening:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHE had smiled at him, though she thought him a poor sort of hero, he supposed.

THERE had been too many reactions crowded into the last thirty hours — she had fainted.

[THE STUNT GIRL
Continued from Page Thirteen]

"But I'm *not* Dulcie Daring. I'm only her stunt girl. I look something like her, of course, but——"

An idol shattered! Another one in its place! If she were not Dulcie Daring, yet did those things for which he had set the star upon a pedestal—if she were only a stunt girl—then she was not utterly beyond his reach! Things were a bit foggy yet.

"Zuebert offered ten thousand dollars reward for you. Why didn't he say you were not Dulcie Daring?"

"That's easy. Lots of answers to that." The girl laughed a little bitterly. "Perhaps he kept quiet in the beginning for the same reason I did. I was afraid they would get nasty if they found out their mistake. Then, you see, stunt girls are not advertised. It might hurt Dulcie Daring if it got out. Of course Zuebert won't risk her life or her face. They are too valuable. I don't blame him—or her. So they hire me. The publicity was worth a lot of money, too. Zuebert could get free space with Dulcie Daring kidnaped. I didn't think I was worth ten thousand dollars to him, but, you see, he can't keep her hidden. Perhaps he even wants his stunt girl back. He won't get me. I'm through!"

"I'LL say you are. Listen, Zuebert *did* tell who you really were. I was there when one of the gang phoned in. You know what happened then. Just the same, Zuebert's going to shell out those ten thousand bucks or we'll tell the papers another side to the story. We'll split it."

"Split it?"

"Sure. You earned half of it when you beaned the big fellow. I was all in. Dulcie Daring—say, she'd have been a green lemon alongside you tonight! Do you really mean you're through with Zuebert?"

She looked at him curiously—at his scorched cheeks and hair, his grimed face and hands, the tear in his coat, and the bloodstain over which was the bandage she had improvised from both their handkerchiefs.

She saw his brave eyes looking at her hungrily, saw that he was gathering courage of another sort than he had shown that night, and—when could ever a woman resist bravery? Her own eyes were tender. But—what girl wants to shorten the tale of tales?

"Why?" she asked him. It was a soft, encouraging why.

He gulped. She'd probably turn him down. But that wasn't the way to go at it. If he closed this deal it would be the biggest one of his life.

"You see, it's this way," he began. "My name's Sam Simmonds, and I sell spindles—spindles for silk mills. . . ."

THE END

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Macaroons *Lady Fingers*
6 *Ginger Ale*

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Tomorrow's STAGE and The Negro

The Producer of the Sensational "Lulu Belle" Makes a Discovery and a Prophecy

An Article by
DAVID BELASCO

Photos by LAZARNICK

High brown quality here! Lillian Fairley and Frank Bedhan, with dimpled Zaidee Jackson doing the Charleston (below)

DAVID BELASCO is not only a great artist, but also a great showman. In this article, he is frankly discussing the cast of Lulu Belle, his current success. But the manuscript was so arresting, and what Mr. Belasco had to say was so novel and illuminating, that we were glad to pay for it and give it space.

FIRELIGHT, gleaming through the purple velvet blanket of the African night, points the yellow needles of the rhinoceros-thorn barrier surrounding the native kraal. Black, glistening forms swarm and mill about the central blaze, an ensemble of emotion in the making.

A huge-thewed, naked form stalks into the firelight. A brawny black hand rises and falls in gesture of command. Instantly a single reverberating "Boom!" crashes forth from the hollow-log native drum in the foreground.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TOMORROW'S STAGE AND THE NEGRO
Continued from Page Seventeen]

The veldt telegraph is speaking, notes rising radio-like, and carrying far and wide to other tribal units, where similar groups of black warriors await the coming of a chief's command.

"Boom-boom-boom!" the mellow notes of warning—drum code for "Stand by!"—roll out into space.

The illuminated groups stir nervously. Flickering firelights mark off silhouettes of massive torsos, rippling shoulder muscles, flash of glittering teeth and rolling eyes.

A PAUSE, then the deep diapason of the drum throbs takes up the tale of an insult unendurable.

The white-polled tribal drummer, translating thought into sound waves, bends to his task.

Black figures spring to attention. The chief stands immovable, arms folded across massive chest in silent dignity.

Bodies begin to sway in time with the measured beats; feet lift and return to place. Faster and faster the notes roll forth into the night murk.

Muscles tense and flex. The swaying becomes an inspired dance of hate. Hands grope for forgotten weapons, eyes roll, and growls issue from slavering lips.

Hate gutturals turn to the battle chant, and with it, out of the night, come shadow pictures of foe smiting foe: huge-muscled hands slashing at the bodies of enemies; whish and slither of thrown assagais; thud of knobkerries on flesh and skull. For the moment one imagines he hears groans of the vanquished rising over the reverberations of the drums and the war chant.

Drum hypnosis and racial emotionalism have worked their will. The warriors have been welded into a combat-mad unit. Supple black forms continue to gyrate about the central fire; spears are brandished, and bloodshot eyes glare hatred into enemy eyes conjured out of the night's blackness.

The drum roll stops; tempo of the dance abates. Here and there forms fall to the ground with grunts of exhaustion. Stamping feet are stilled. The chief stalks silently to his hut.

The bloodletting is to be! The war god has sent bravery to the fighting men.

Such was the Negro in his native environment. Given certain comforts, his nature was childlike and trusting. But within his brain was a psychic something that made him susceptible to emotional urge; particularly, the drumbeats calling him to battle fired him with martial ardor.

This response to emotional suggestion, while not confined to the Negro, is more delicately developed in his nature than in that of any other people on earth. It is as dominating today as when drum hypnosis was the medium whereby his reactions were fired.

Fate has decreed that I should know the Negro of our modern days; that I should know him and his psychology intimately. And the contact has brought me to this finding:

The theater of tomorrow must reckon with a new force—the race of Ham!

I say this in all sincerity, out of my fifty years of labor for the American stage: "The Negro, from today onward, will compel recognition through the sheer power of his instinctive mime talent!"

I will go further and declare that no race, even the sorrow-swept Jew, can surpass the Negro for instinctive stage ability. The same receptivity that drove their African ancestors to battle frenzy at the sound of war drums, has been translated by generations of contact with civilization into terms of emotion-expression, delicate and sensitive in the extreme.

And as a climax to my prediction, I believe that another decade will see a Negro theater in which we of the Caucasian race will witness a surprising development of this hitherto dormant nature gift. The Negro, with his submerged, instinctive voice, is a natural actor. He has a sufficient background of tragedy to make him fertile ground in which to implant the seeds of splendid acting.

Six months ago I thought of the Negro as one not too well equipped for his fight for recognition. Today, amazed by understanding that has come to me, I see him on the threshold of a new achievement. So eager is he to express that urge from within that it amounts to instinctive talent.

These discoveries came to me with the production of a new play—Lulu Belle—with a cast of 117 Negroes and thirteen white players.

Shuffle-dancing rascals—Hattie Williams and Robert Corbin.

Just old-fashioned cullud folks—Mattie Wilkes.

Of this colored group only eleven had any previous stage experience. Every member of the company was of a type truly representative of the 200,000 blacks congregated in the Harlem section of New York City. At first I was minded to do the play with white actors in burnt-cork make-up, but I sensed the unreality of such a proceeding and turned to a study of the Negro race at first hand. Success of the play depended on whether the Negro would display a talent sufficient to fit my needs.

HERE was my requirement: Lulu Belle is a symphonic cross-section of modern conditions. There are the major and minor motifs of the high-brown cabaret dancer's life—all in the center of the stage. Back of it, surrounding it, and mingling with it, are the colorful overtones of Negro community life.

One does not invest thousands of dollars in a mere hunch. So, with Miss Ulric, my star, and members of my production staff, I made journey after journey into the night life of the Harlem Negro section to watch the black folk in their hours of play.

It was a revelation to me—no less. Quickly I came to sense the strong dramatic urge that runs through all of the life of these apparently care-free people.

I found them neither parrot-like nor, as I had thought, conscious poseurs. Instead, I realized that they have the faculty of reacting emotionally to their surroundings, each individual falling naturally into the role his

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

own station in life would indicate under the new circumstances. Actually, they are emotion chameleons.

I found that a jazzy, lively bit of music brought flashing smiles, shouts of mirth, and foot-pattings. A sentimental song caused an instant hush and an attitude of reverence. A waltz tune followed. Before the third bar had been played, every form in the room was swaying rhythmically in time to the music.

Fred Miller as master of ceremonies at the Elite Grotto.

AS I registered the thought that the Negro is most susceptible to music, two young dandies clashed on the dance floor.

One warned the other concerning his attentions to a feminine charmer—then battle.

With the first blow each onlooker was transformed from a care-free reveler into a partisan. A dominant note had been sounded. The dramatic response from within was instinctive. It was strife that, for the moment, involved all.

Though the battlers were separated quickly, the atmosphere of conflict remained.

I waited for the new note. It came in anti-climax.

One dandy, calling across the room to a friend, said:

"Eddie, what you say, does I tell you to keep yo' distance f'm Ca'-line?"

"Whuf!" replied Eddie, grinning broadly. "Was such to happen, I does me some whittlin' on yo' neck, big boy!"

Shouts of merriment spread over the room. Comedy's note had sounded and the battle clouds lifted instantly.

Night after night we went to the cabarets, until my entire mental attitude toward the Negroes had undergone change. In them I found that ingenuous, willing something that producers demand of players cast for character roles.

"I am amazed," I told Miss Ulric. "These people are natural actors. And, best of all, I know they will act without realizing they are in character."

"But will an audience frighten them into stiffness? Will they forget their roles?" she asked.

"Are they less natural because we are here?" I retorted. "What we must do is to make each one so visualize and actually live his part that distractions will be impossible."

When the word went through Harlem that I wanted more than 100 types for my new play, it seemed that the entire population moved on me at my studio. Of the flood we chose several hundred tentatively, and for the next few days I spent my waking hours interviewing them.

It was this personal contact that sold me, finally, on the modern Negro. Suddenly there came to me the realization that success lay in winning their loyalty and in binding them to me with such ties of affection that they could be depended on to respond eagerly to my slightest direction.

Hattie Williams

The bride and groom — Goldye Stiener and Seifert Pile.

The high-born sheik —Baron Byran.

Zaidee Jackson.

Ollie Burgoyne.

As we talked I watched each face. I found them good listeners—a quality requisite in any actor; and I found them, further, remarkably quick to grasp instruction. I assured them there would be no caricaturing of the race, no atrocious comedy make-up, and no exaggerated dialect. Further, I assured them there would be no high-hatting by whites about the theater, and ended by giving them the big rehearsal room under the stage for their club-room during the engagement.

THE first day of rehearsal was devoted to getting acquainted. So we started with a company "sing," an extemporaneous concert that did much to cement the community of interest. Lunch was sent in from a near-by cafe—an occasion that taught me that my company knew more about catch-as-catch-can, rough-and-tumble eating than any similar group in the world.

In the pause following lunch, a fat and jovial individual detached himself from the group, approached me, and said:

"Boss-man, us craves to exercise our bones!"

The grins of amusement should have warned me, but with visions of calisthenics in mind, I responded:

"Good idea! Go ahead, but be back in ten minutes."

"Wasn't going nowhere to come back f'm," he grinned. "Bones gets dey exercise right here!"

Whereupon he gravely produced a pair of dice from his pocket and announced:

"Fade me, brothehs, fade me fo' dollar boss-man's goin' to len' me!"

The joke was on me—so I produced the dollar. Ten minutes later I called time.

"Jus' one more roll, Cap'n!" pleaded a perspiring loser.

"Shame on you, li'l' boy!" growled the original proposer. "Always honin' to grab yo'-self somethin'. Boss-man say 'ten minutes.' He kep' his promise, now you keep yo's."

That afternoon I read the play to the company. I told them of the setting—a street corner in Harlem; later a cabaret in-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

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DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

terior. I told each the name of his or her character and enacted enough of the business as I read to bring the roles into their consciousness.

At the start they were restless, inquiring. Within a few minutes they had become actual participants, mentally. It made me content to watch their rapt absorbing of details.

Finally we ended the reading and I told the company the rehearsal room was theirs for the remainder of the day. A mandolin and two ukeleles appeared as by magic from beneath a heap of coats. From a pocket came a harmonica. A brown-skinned girl seated herself at the piano and began to rag. I turned to leave, but a touch on my elbow stayed me. It was a smiling young dandy, who said:

"Us was aimin' to do some feet stutterin'—Charleston, you calls it," he insinuated. "Miss Helen sho' do play agg'vatin' music."

THE girl at the piano had swung into the first measures of a sizzling, weird-cadenced tune.

"What is she playing?" I asked.

"She don' know herself," he responded. "Miss Helen's always been thataway—jes' natchelly playin' music. Sometimes she sort of scares you with it. I 'members one time when her li'l' brotheh died with the croup. Her mamma was cryin' an' takin' awn; but Miss Helen she jes' sits down to th' piano an' for a' hour she plays some kind of sof' music that makes th' skin on yo' neck curl up an' feel like crackin'."

I cite these instances to show how informal was our first rehearsal. The next day, to test their interest, I read situations at random from the script. At times I would pause and, turning to the character indicated in the dialogue, would say:

"Do you remember what you say there?"

"Yessuh!" the reply would come almost invariably; "somethin' lak 'Say, big one, what y'all do to dat white boy—pulv'ize him?'"

Actually the speech was "Hi there, Misteh Man-killeh! What you do to dat white boy?"

And so it continued for an hour. In every instance I found the agile mind of these amateurs had grasped not alone scenes, but high lights from the dialogue—all from a solitary reading!

Always the memory of those five weeks of rehearsal will stay in my mind. Mrs. Belasco, stricken with her last illness, bravely sent me forth each day to my work in the theater. Though each dawn saw her a bit weaker, I tried to tell the company she was holding her own. But the mysterious spiritual understanding of the Negro saw through the sham.

"Quicker us gets good, quicker boss-man gets free!" I overheard an old darky admonish the group one morning. And such was the attitude throughout the rehearsals. They were sympathetic, eager to aid in the only possible way—by completing their work quickly.

They never failed me in loyalty, interest, ambition to achieve, or in their almost childish devotion. There were no defections, no failures. When the play opened in Philadelphia, it was with the original cast. Ordinarily in a company of that size there would have been ten or a dozen changes.

This condition I credit entirely to that dominating Negro attribute of loyalty, added to the innate dramatic talent that unquestionably is a part of their soul equipment. Often I wonder if Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe had not sensed more than a bit of this when she wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin. Certainly she recognized a something in the Negro deeper than merely the reflexes of an alien human chattel.

Intelligent suggestion also did its part. My players were quick to sense incongruity in the lines.

In one scene, *Brother Staley*, a street-corner exhorter, has an encounter with *Lulu Belle* near the De Luxe Cafe. *Lulu* is arrogantly jovial. *Brother Staley*, shocked by the abandon of her dance, warns her she is bound for the place paved with good intentions. In return she slanders him publicly. The original reply, as written, was: "Dem's lies; all lies!"

When we went through the scene, I turned to the *Brother* and said:

"If this were real life and this girl told folks you'd been playing around with her, would you just mumble 'Lies'?"

"Nossuh, Mr. Belasco," he responded earnestly. "First'n all I'd tell de crowd, 'Don' you believe nothin' dis woman say!'—'n' den I'd tell her, 'Sisteh, my Christian advices t' you is t' lay offen yo' roundin' ways an' excape de wrath t' come!'"

HERE was further proof of my theory. This Negro player had become so absorbed in his part that his thoughts actually were those of *Brother Staley*, even to the dignity of his place in life. He felt he must put himself right before the onlookers, then, in duty, admonish the girl on her shiftless mode of living.

In my company there are representatives of all walks of Negro life. One, Madame De Knight, is a well known colored educator and a leader of women's activities. Another, Miss Evelyn Preer, will, I believe, make her mark as an emotional actress one of these days. Already she is a splendid reader, gifted with a delicacy of diction and an understanding few achieve. Edna Thomas, likewise, displays fire, imagery, and talent.

Then we have a young dentist, working for funds with which to complete his course; a man studying for the ministry; several who are taking correspondence courses, and others who have been graduated from institutions of learning. One is a Columbia man, several are from Fisk University, and there are accountants and men skilled in the trades.

But all, from the street gamin to the educated, well poised Columbia graduate, gave me ample proof of a wondrous sympathy. Their every glance displayed a keen understanding of my grief crisis; so much so, in fact, that I was compelled to simulate a lightheartedness I did not feel—else they too would have been plunged into my mental doldrums.

I marvel continually over their delicate sensibility to external influence. Actually I have found it necessary to neutralize, rather than speed up, their emotional expression, so finely are they attuned to life's harmonies—and disharmonies.

ALSO I find the Negro, particularly the one with educational advantages, thinking very sanely along racial lines. Alexander Rogers, Bert Williams' song-writer and associate for years, had this to say recently of his race and its future:

"We have our radicals; what people has not? But we of the conservative type realize that we must demonstrate our fitness for the better things before we demand them. It is a place we must achieve from within ourselves by developing meritorious qualities, not by seeking pity or posing as buffoons. Some clowns have achieved riches—but none is in the Hall of Fame.

"The Negro has changed in his attitude toward himself. He has become ambitious, and he is demanding that his children fit themselves for the place he is trying to make for them. Our poets, musicians, playwrights, and authors are struggling for recognition—but they are not faltering.

"But the Negro no longer looks to the Omnipotent for a miracle. He realizes that what he achieves must be from within, and he is striving—striving as never before."

I am convinced that Alexander Rogers speaks truth. Ambition is a Negro characteristic today. And I hope soon to read a play this gifted man has written about the race—from the inside.

Today the Negro is just as susceptible to emotional reaction as were his ancestors when the drumbeats throbbed on the night air of Africa. This I believe accounts for his splendid dramatic talent. Certainly it is something I would not take from his spiritual equipment, for from it will come his stage successes.

Just recently I said to Miss Ulric:

"Well, Miss Doubter, what about the colored folks now? Have they failed you?"

"Never!" she responded emphatically. "Instead, they have helped. They give me something indefinable out of their enthusiasm and their devotion to us all—a something which makes my work truly easy. Such loyalty and devotion as they lavish on you! I respect them greatly—and I always will."

I am glad to be the first producer to show the Negro, not in caricature, but as he really is.

It is a far cry from native kraal to cosmopolitan stage—but——

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Watch him during the next decade!

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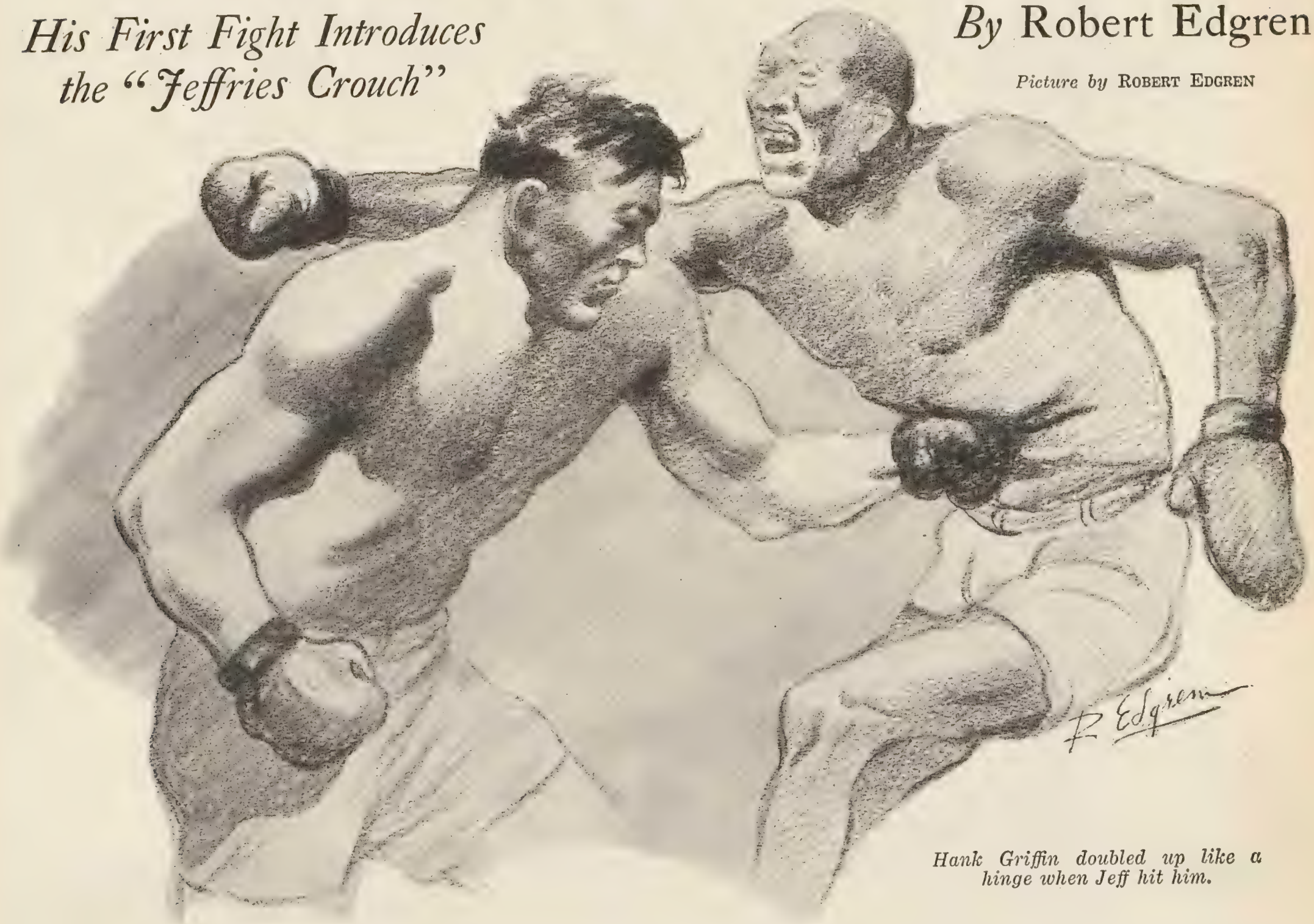
The Big Fellow

His First Fight Introduces the "Jeffries Crouch"

By Robert Edgren

Picture by Robert Edgren



Hank Griffin doubled up like a hinge when Jeff hit him.

WHEN James J. Jeffries showed up in Carson City, Nevada, in 1897, to assist James J. Corbett in his preparation for defense of the heavyweight boxing title against Bob Fitzsimmons, the champion laughed. But When Jeffries put on the gloves with him, his disdain was transformed in a moment to respect. For the Unknown knocked him out, and only quick work on the part of his managers prevented the news from reaching the Fitz camp. Jeff even permitted the facts to be reversed—and the story went out that Pompadour Jim had knocked out his giant sparring partner.

Part Two

JIM JEFFRIES was born to be a fighting man. His ancestors for more than two centuries were American pioneers, Indian-fighters, and plantation-owners in Virginia. Some fought in the Revolutionary War and in the War of 1812.

Jim's great-grandfather, William Jeffries, carelessly gave his word to guarantee payment of the debts of a young neighbor who was something of a sport and liked to race horses. As was the merry custom in those days, the young Virginian bet everything, from his plantation to his last nigger, and when he blew up the creditors came around to William Jeffries and presented a bill for $90,000, which was like a few millions today.

Remarking that no Jeffries ever broke his word, he sold his big plantation near Culpeper Courthouse, Virginia, auctioned off his slaves and cattle and everything else except six horses, paid the other man's debts, hitched his six-horse team to an old covered wagon, loaded in his family, and hiked for the West.

He settled in Fairfield County, Ohio. Jim's grandfather grew up there, and was noted as a man who never drank, smoked, chewed tobacco, swore, or lied in his life. But he was short-tempered, and was known as the huskiest two-fisted fighter in the State.

Jim's mother's father, descended from the Holland Dutch who settled in Pennsylvania, also was a fighter. He became so famous that fighting men traveled hundreds of miles to "mill" with him at the annual militia musters in Schuylkill and Berks counties.

Jim's father was born in the Jeffries cabin. He built a log cabin for himself when he grew up, and there Jim was born, not far from the town of Carroll.

When Jim was five years old, his father, who had become a traveling evangelist, took the family West, settled in Los Angeles, California, bought 160 acres of land, built a large country house, and began to prosper.

In the Jeffries family were three girls and five boys. Jim and his brothers—John, Cal, Tom, and Jack—were all hunters and frontiersmen by instinct, and spent most of their time in the mountains. Jim left school at the age of fifteen for a job in the Lacy ironworks, and began building steel tanks for the new oil fields. At sixteen he was the biggest and strongest man in the works. He was more than six feet tall and weighed 220 pounds.

While working in the foundry, Jim boxed with the other boys during the noon hour. There was an old-time welterweight, Billy Gallagher, at the ironworks. He tried to teach Jeffries a few boxing tricks and told Jim he could make a lot of money fighting. Jeffries was earning more than five dollars a day and was well satisfied with that.

Then, one day, a tall, lanky Negro known as Hank Griffin drifted into town. Griffin was a good heavyweight who traveled around giving exhibitions.

Loafing around town on a still hunt for

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

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A Standard Six with the lineaments and the luxury of a custom creation.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

business, he heard of the big youngster at the ironworks. Wandering into a barroom near the works, where men gathered after hours, he began to boast that he could whip any man in Los Angeles. The men sent a runner out to the Jeffries ranch to get Jim, who ran the three miles back.

As Jim dashed through the swinging doors into the saloon, pulling off his coat, Griffin piled a handful of gold twenties on the bar and explained that he didn't mean he could whip any man in town in a barroom fight. His notion was to fight with gloves on, in a ring, with a referee, for a side stake. Jeffries' friends covered his money.

Billy Gallagher advised Jim to take a few days off to train, but Jim worked every day and trained by running three miles to work in the morning and three miles home each night, for a week. Then came the fight. It was held in an underground Mexican dance hall near the Plaza. The fight was to be to a finish, the winner to take side stake and gate money.

Stripped, facing the tall, leanly muscular Negro, Jim felt no flutter of nerves. He knew nothing of the clever professional's advantage in a real fight where skill easily offsets sheer strength. He had a sense of racial superiority, the heritage from generations of slave-owning Virginians.

They shook hands, and immediately Griffin punched Jim squarely on the nose and stepped back out of range. Jim plunged at Griffin headlong, and that tall black man jabbed and punched and sidestepped out of danger. Jeffries couldn't have hit him with a handful of birdshot. For ten rounds he plunged, snorting furiously, swinging fists that felt strange in fighting gloves, hitting smoke-laden air and nothing else. Griffin neatly placed punches that might easily have knocked out any less rugged man.

TO stop the rattling hail of punches, Jim at last bent over, stuck his long, thick left arm out straight, and held Griffin off—a natural gesture afterward famous as the "Jeffries crouch." It was the defense against which the great Bob Fitzsimmons hurled himself, years later, only to be knocked out and lose the championship.

Griffin was tiring. He was hitting often, but the sting was gone from his blows. He was worried by his inability to knock this seventeen-year-old husky off his pins.

YOUNG Jim, meanwhile was learning about boxing. With rare ring intelligence, he didn't try to use what he had learned until he was sure he could time it perfectly. A miss would simply have tipped Mr. Griffin off to a change of tactics on Jim's part. Instead, Jim kept swinging his right clumsily, as he did in the first round, and studied Griffin's trick of countering.

Before the start of the four-

From the Albert Davis Collection

Jeff and Tommy Ryan.

teenth round, Billy Gallagher whispered into Jim's ear:

"Jim, you've got to get him. It's nearly midnight and the lights go out at twelve. If the fight is stopped he'll have the decision on points."

"All right," said Jeffries.

Starting the fourteenth, Jeffries walked toward the black fighter, holding his left arm out as a guard and a threat. Jeffries was cut and bruised, but still fresh and strong. Griffin was weary.

Pressing Griffin back, Jeff gradually lowered his left and thrust out his jaw to offer an inviting target. Tempted, Griffin struck at that jaw with his waiting right. And, for the first time in a long evening, Jeffries ducked under the whizzing glove, and at the same instant whipped his left fist, with every ounce of strength he had, into the pit of Griffin's stomach.

Griffin had done that to Jeffries fifty times. Jeffries did it only once, and that was enough. The punch doubled Mr. Griffin up like a hinge, lifted him from the floor, and dropped him in a heap. Hank curled up as if he'd eaten a peck of green apples, and when the count was over his seconds carried him away.

After that fight Billy Gallagher begged Jim to leave the ironworks and fight professionally. But Jim was only seventeen and didn't want to leave home, or to tell his father he wished to be a prize fighter. Father was as big as Jim, and he believed in using a heavy hand to keep his boys in line.

At nineteen Jeffries was fully grown. He stood six feet two in his bare feet, was hard as iron, had a small waist and tremendous chest, arms, shoulders, and hands. He weighed 228 pounds stripped. He was becoming restless and wanted more time to go hunting and fishing.

One day Billy Gallagher said:

"Jim, if you'll go with me you'll make a year's pay in a month, and then you can go hunting as long as you want to. I'm quitting to fight Danny Needham up in Frisco. Come along and help me train, and after that I'll get you some fights."

Jeffries went with Gallagher, and right at the start learned something about the uncertainty of friendships. Also, Gallagher missed a chance to manage a world's champion and make a fortune. In San Francisco Gallagher trained for his fight. Young Jim Jeffries boxed with him every day, took the hard thumps and gave back light ones, as a sparring partner must, and did all the work around camp.

AT last Gallagher and Needham fought, to a draw, and Gallagher took his share of the purse, went out to celebrate and never came back. He left Jim flat, without a cent.

It happened, however, that sporting men had noticed young Jeffries at work. He was about as easy to overlook as a buffalo bull in a bird store. Before he had time to pack his spare shirt and socks and move away from there, he had an offer of a chance to fight Dan Long.

It was for a purse of $1,000 in gold coin! All thought of going back to the ironworks flitted from Jim's head.

The fight was not much, as a fight. Long was fairly clever and a powerful big fellow, but he was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

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If you play golf, tennis, baseball, or other outdoor sports, drink TODDY instead of waiting for heavy meals to digest. It takes but a minute or two to make and drink a TODDY. You can go right out and play with renewed energy and without digestive distress because TODDY is assimilated almost instantly.

Drink TODDY and eat light foods on picnics or automobile trips, instead of standing over a hot stove, preparing chickens, roasts, etc. You'll have all the nourishment you need, for TODDY is "A Meal in a Glass." It contains almost as much nourishment in calories as four eggs; more nourishment than a large eight-ounce serving of oatmeal and cream.

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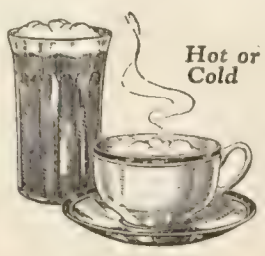

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]
fighting a man who had no notion of going back to the ironworks, who could not be hurt by a blow, and who fought in a style entirely new. Jeffries didn't stand up straight and pose in the orthodox manner made fashionable by Jem Mace, Corbett, and other clever ring artists. He leaned over with a great beam of a left arm stuck straight out ahead of him and his chin tucked behind his shoulder. It was almost impossible to hit him on the chin.

Long danced around to find an opening, and hit Jim near the ears and above the eyes a few times. In the second round Jim suddenly stiffened out that great walking - beam of a left six inches or so and punched Mr. Long of Denver squarely on the nose. Dan Long went down solidly, rolled over, and was out.

Dan is now a police lieutenant in Los Angeles, the pride of the force; but every time he meets Jeffries he asks Jim what he had in his glove that evening in San Francisco.

JEFFRIES received $750 for that fight — the winner's 75 per cent of the purse. The punch he hit Dan Long would be worth a million today, landed by some young ironworker on Jack Dempsey.

Jeffries and his trainer, Billy Delaney.

After Long, the most promising heavyweight on the Pacific Coast was Theodore van Buskirk, a former Olympic Club amateur champion who was fighting as a professional. Van was a mountain of a man, with huge shoulders and long, thick arms. Jeffries was offered a match with him, and jumped at the chance; but he suddenly went down with an attack of pneumonia, was in bed several weeks, and when he recovered was little more than a shadow of the big youngster who left Los Angeles with Billy Gallagher.

The doctors told him he'd never be able to fight again.

Jim didn't agree with them. As soon as he could walk he went to the mountains, and in six weeks had recovered his strength and weight and felt as well as ever. On the last day of his trip he hiked over the range, shot five deer, and carried a big buck back eight miles to camp.

Leaving the mountains, Jeffries went home for a visit, and then returned to San Francisco and was offered a match with Jack Stelzner. But that fell through. Stelzner went to Carson to train Bob Fitzsimmons for the championship fight with Corbett.

Right here Jeffries ran into his first bit of real luck. Like everybody interested in sport in the '90's, he visited Harry Corbett's poolroom on Ellis Street, and he met and became friendly with Harry Corbett. Harry was an elder brother of the champion.

Frisco was wide open, and nobody thought anything of it. Adventure and romance were the breath of life to Frisco, perched there on the historic sand hills beside the Golden Gate, with the old square-riggers sailing in and out as they had sailed since the days of '49.

You could walk up Market Street any night, step through the wide doors of the Cafe Royal, and play any kind of game that pleased you, from poker to pinochle. You could take a whirl at faro or roulette, or you could play the races or bet on a prize fight, and be considered as respectable as any clergyman.

But the most famous sporting place in Frisco was Harry Corbett's poolroom. Corbett was known as a "square shooter," which meant that he ran his games without trickery and always paid when he lost.

There you could always find Harry Corbett, and even a stranger could pick him out of the crowd at a glance. He looked a sport. He was pink-skinned, round-faced, always smiling. He was dressed in the latest fashion, in the black clothes affected by gamblers jealous of their reputation as solid business men. He wore trousers cut trim and light below the knee, a fancy waistcoat, and neat black coat. His hat was a black derby, tipped slightly over one ear, and he had rings on his fingers and a sparkling diamond horseshoe pin in his tie. He had a huge black mustache, and his black hair was plastered down over his forehead in the style favored by Frisco's sporting barbers.

JEFFRIES and Harry Corbett became friends immediately.

With no match on hand, and all interest centered on the coming championship fight at Carson, Jeffries found himself with money running low and without a job in his new profession. He talked over his meager prospects with Corbett, and Harry said: "Why don't you go over to Nevada and work with Jim? I can fix it for you."

Picking up the telephone, Harry called Billy Delaney at his saloon in Oakland, across the Bay. An hour or two later Delaney walked into Corbett's, shook hands with Jeffries, and, after remarking that he had been watching Jim and knew all about him, said:

"Can you stand hard work? Corbett is a driver. He fights every day in training. You'll get some hard bumps."

"He'll be lucky if I don't bump him," laughed Jeffries.

SO that was the way young Jim Jeffries stepped out of the rut of the commonplace and up into the edge of the limelight that plays around the pugilistic throne. It was the turning-point in his life. Even as a sparring partner, he was in the eyes of the world at Carson. Once seen, Jeffries was not a man to be forgotten.

A few days before the big fight, Jeff and I strolled down the road through the desert. Corbett was resting, and the rush of the crowd of visitors was becoming wearisome. Jim was striding along in silence, as usual, when I asked him what he intended to do after the big fight.

"I'm going to fight some fellow named Van Buskirk, from Marysville," said Jeffries.

"Van Buskirk!" I exclaimed. "Jim, I'm going to ask you a favor: When you hit this bird, hit him so hard he won't wake up for a week."

"What have you got against Van Buskirk?"

I told him.

Several months before I had seen Van Buskirk fight. My first fight! I went expecting to see something rather heroic, like the battles of the Greek champions on Olympus. It was in a dingy, barnlike arena in Stockton, California.

When we were in our seats, close to the ring, the fighters stalked by and took their corners. One was Patsy Corrigan, a rather small man, evidently once well built and muscular, but with a stomach that bulged over his belt. A pale and flabby man, with an expression dogged and yet anxious.

The other was Theodore Van Buskirk, former amateur champion. He was tall and heavy, and so broad across the shoulders that he seemed like a gorilla in build, especially as his hands hung down to his knees.

Time was called, and in an instant Van Buskirk, grinning like an ape, was smashing Corrigan back with heavy, swinging blows, Corrigan fighting valiantly to hold his ground. I don't know how many rounds the fight went —three or four, perhaps.

Through the smoke I saw that Corrigan was bleeding—covered with blood, which ran from half a dozen cuts and spread out,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

Watch This Column

SNOOKUMS in "THE NEWLYWEDS"

This is undoubtedly the cutest baby in the world except yours. He plays the part of "SNOOKUMS" in the Stern Brothers series of comedies, ***"THE NEWLYWEDS,"*** from George McManus' famous cartoons. For a long time producers have wanted to put this comic strip in pictures but have been prevented because they couldn't find a real "SNOOKUMS." Now we have him and the pictures are remarkable.

If you want the laugh of your life, watch this precocious 18-months-old infant. I predict extraordinary success for him and his doting parents, "Lovey" and "Dovey."

"The Collegians" is a surprise series that I am going to tell you more about in this column two weeks from now. It's as clean and healthy and full of joy as its title indicates—and the author is: Carl Laemmle, Jr.

"The Gumps," adapted from Sid Smith's cartoons are now entering on their third year and you'll be surprised at the improvement this already popular comedy series has made. They get better and better.

The dog ***"Tige"*** is a mighty popular young fellow in the ***"Buster Brown"*** comedies, made from the celebrated cartoons by R. F. Outcault whose name is known to hundreds of thousands of children everywhere. These comedies are splendidly done and you'll enjoy every minute of them.

This is an advance tip I am giving you on comedies that are certain to be the best of next season's laugh-getters. When they come to your theatre I would like to have your verdict on them. Please write me a letter.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of "Snookums"

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

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The Dueber-Hampden factories are the world's largest complete watch factories where each Dueber-Hampden watch is made in its entirety, both movements and case, thus controlling uniform quality. Dueber-Hampden stands back of and guarantees every watch that bears its name.

Many of our skilled craftsmen have been with us from 25 to 50 years. Theirs are the ideals of the old guild masters. To their experience and meticulous care are added the advantages of the most modern scientific manufacturing methods.

DUEBER-HAMPDEN

CANTON, OHIO—ESTABLISHED IN 1865

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

thinned with sweat, over his flabby body.

Van Buskirk seemed roused to fury, rushing, stamping, swinging blows that thudded sickeningly on soft flesh, sending Corrigan reeling. Then Corrigan was down. He rose, to be knocked down again and again, while the crowd yelled to the referee to stop the fight.

At last Corrigan rose slowly, heaving himself up from the floor with a desperate effort; came nearly upright, spread his shaking legs, and stood there, swaying, head down, battered eyes entirely closed, semiconscious, brought up and held up by the spark of courage that in the fighting man goes out only with life itself.

For a moment Van Buskirk hesitated. Men were shouting at him from all sides, threatening him, warning him to hold his hand. His grin grew wider, and stepping in he struck one terrific last blow. Even as he struck, a roar rose from the crowd. Part of the mob in front of me seemed to spout up in a solid wave and splash over into the ring. Posts went down, carrying the ropes with them.

Over the crush I saw Van Buskirk leap the ropes on the other side and drop out of sight. The mob crossed the ring platform in pursuit, roaring.

Patsy Corrigan lay on his back, alone in the wreckage of the ring, battered face turned up toward the rafters, and I thought he was dead. Men went to work on him, and at last he sat up. The men who had chased Van Buskirk and had come back were talking it over:

"Jumped the ropes, he did, and got away. Dived right through a window, in his tights. He must be running yet."

They laughed.

"Poor old Corrigan!" said another. "He hadn't fought for a long time, and he was down and out—busted. The other day he got a telegram that his wife was dying back East somewhere, and wanted him. He had to get money for a ticket and things quick. That's why he took this fight, untrained. Winner take all, too! Hell!"

I TOLD all that to Jeffries. Jim listened in silence, a grim look on his face.

"Did Van Buskirk do that?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I'll remember," he said, after a pause.

It was several months before my trail crossed Jeff's again. When we met, Jeff held out his hand, grinned, and said:

"I did it for you."

"Did what?" I asked, puzzled.

"Knocked out Van Buskirk, of course," said Jim. "I hit him in the belly so hard I must have busted him like a ripe pumpkin. He was out for a week, all right—out for good."

After Jeffries won the Pacific Coast championship by knocking out Van Buskirk, he found himself in an embarrassing position. For the first time in his life, he was followed by crowds on the street. If he stopped to talk with Harry Corbett or Pop Sullivan, a hundred people gathered to listen.

Champion less than a week, Jeffries began to long for peace and quiet. So he went into the Mendocino Hills with a horse, a rifle, a frying-pan, and a pair of blankets—and came within an ace of being killed.

JIM was riding up a canyon with his rifle across the saddle, ready for a shot if any game appeared. The trail led past a pile of wood left by some rancher. As Jeffries' shoulder almost brushed the jutting ends of the logs, he was startled by the vicious whirr of a rattlesnake. Jeff glanced to the right. There, coiled on the edge of the woodpile, not a yard from his face, was a tremendous rattlesnake, weaving and about to strike.

A thought flashed through Jim's mind that he was going to be struck between the eyes. In the same thousandth part of a second he instinctively ducked like a boxer avoiding a blow. With a boxer's instinct to counter, even as he ducked, Jeffries whipped up the muzzle of his rifle and pulled the trigger.

The frightened horse leaped aside and carried Jeffries out of range.

When he looked back, there was Mr. Rattlesnake flopping around on top of the woodpile, with his head blown off.

I don't know that I'd even count that a lucky shot, for Jeffries. I've often hunted with him, and marveled at his speed and accuracy in handling a gun.

He could shoot from the hip, like the old buffalo-hunters, with the accuracy of a sharpshooter using the gun sights.

Among the "bad men" and gun fighters of early days Jeffries might have been a terror, but he never could have been a "bad man" himself. There was no meanness in him.

Returning to Frisco, Jim received a challenge from one Henry Baker, known by the interesting title of Slaughterhouse, probably because he came from the Chicago stockyards district. Baker had fought Dan Creedon twenty rounds, had knocked out a lot of heavyweights, and was counted dangerous.

Next week Jeffries is in action almost continually, starting with Slaughterhouse and winding up with Tom Sharkey. In between, he faces a real den of lions—Ruhlin, Choynski, and the great Peter Jackson.

Every one a fight for life and every one a step up the ladder for the future champion.

Begin "War Birds" Next Week.

Bring back vacation's good times with you —*take pictures!*

Anything might happen when you go vacationing! On the lake and in the mountains, everything's a picture. And the best of all pictures are the human ones—pictures of the good times you have with all the people you meet.

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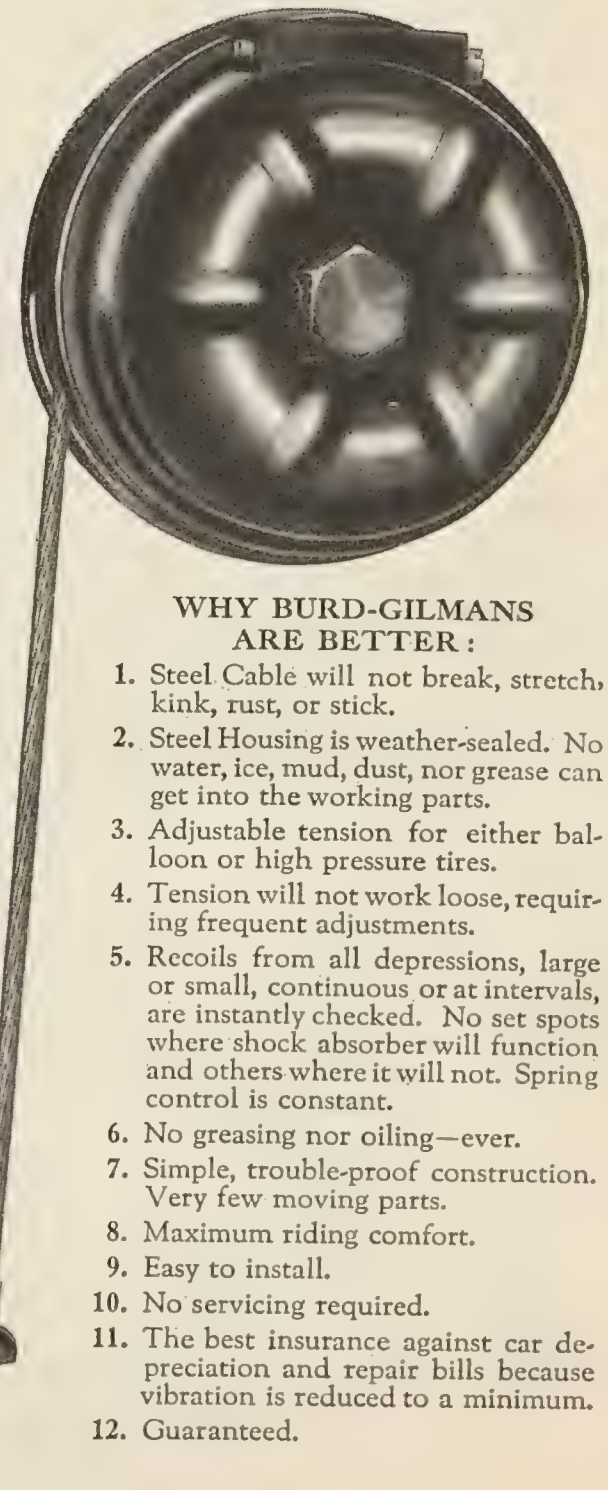

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A Slice of Life

The Tale of a Lover, His Lass, and His Lotions

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THERE stood Sir Jasper ffinch-ffarrowmere. He was swathed in a bath towel. "You didn't expect to see me, did you?"

THE conversation in the bar-parlor of the Anglers' Rest had drifted round to the subject of the Arts; and somebody asked if the film serial, The Vicissitudes of Vera, which they were showing down at the Bijou Dream, was worth seeing.

"It's very good," said Miss Postlethwaite, our courteous and efficient barmaid, who is a prominent first-nighter. "It's about a professor who gets a girl into his toils and tries to turn her into a lobster."

"Tries to turn her into a lobster!" echoed we, surprised.

"Yes, sir. Into a lobster. It seems he collected thousands and thousands of lobsters, and mashed them up, and boiled down the juice from their glands, and was just going to inject it into Vera Dalrymple's spinal column, when Jack Frobisher broke into the house and stopped him."

"Why did he do that?"

"Because he didn't want the girl he loved to be turned into a lobster."

"What we mean," said we, "is, why did the professor want to turn the girl into a lobster?"

"He had a grudge against her."

This seemed plausible, and we thought it over for a while. Then one of the company shook his head disapprovingly.

"I don't like stories like that," he said. "They aren't true to life."

"Pardon me, sir," said a voice. And we were aware of Mr. Mulliner in our midst.

"Excuse me interrupting what may be a private discussion," said Mr. Mulliner; "but I chanced to overhear the recent remarks, and you, sir, have opened up a subject on which I happen to hold strong views—to wit, the question of what is, and what is not, true to life.

"How can we, with our limited experience,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

The Merchants Bureau, where over 108,000 questions asked The National Cash Register Company in the last year were answered

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7593 merchants wanted to know how they could collect past due accounts.

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National Cash Registers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

answer that question? For all we know, at this very moment hundreds of young women all over the country may be in the process of being turned into lobsters. Forgive my warmth, but I have suffered a good deal from this skeptical attitude of mind that is so prevalent nowadays. I have even met people who refused to believe my story about my brother Wilfred, purely because it was a little out of the ordinary run of the average man's experience."

Considerably moved, Mr. Mulliner ordered a hot Scotch with a slice of lemon.

"What happened to your brother Wilfred? Was he turned into a lobster?"

"No," said Mr. Mulliner, fixing his honest blue eyes on the speaker, "he was not. It would be perfectly easy for me to pretend that he was turned into a lobster; but I have always made it a practice—and I always shall make it a practice—to speak nothing but the bare truth. My brother Wilfred simply had a rather curious adventure . . ."

MY brother Wilfred [said Mr. Mulliner] is the clever one of the family. Even as a boy he was always messing about with chemicals, and at the university he devoted his time entirely to research. The result was that while still a very young man he had won an established reputation as the inventor of what are known to the trade as Mulliner's Magic Marvels—a general term embracing the Raven Gypsy Face Cream, the Snow of the Mountains Lotion, and many other preparations, some designed exclusively for the toilet, others of a curative nature, intended to alleviate the many ills that flesh is heir to.

Naturally, he was a very busy man; and it is to this absorption in his work that I attribute the fact that, though—like all the Mulliners—a man of striking personal charm, he had reached his thirty-first year without ever having been involved in an affair of the heart. I remember him telling me once that he simply had no time for girls.

But we all fall sooner or later, and these strong, concentrated men harder than any. While taking a brief holiday one year at Cannes, he met a Miss Angela Purdue, who was staying at his hotel, and she bowled him over completely.

She was one of these jolly, outdoor girls; and Wilfred has told me that what attracted him first about her was her wholesome, sunburned complexion. In fact, he told Miss Purdue the same thing when, shortly after he had proposed and been accepted, she asked him in her girlish way what it was that had first made him begin to love her.

"Pooh, sir!"
"Pooh to you!" said Wilfred.

"It's such a pity," said Miss Purdue, "that the sunburn fades so soon. I do wish I knew some way of keeping it."

Even in his moments of holiest emotion Wilfred never forgot that he was a business man.

"You should try Mulliner's Raven Gypsy Face Cream," he said. "It comes in two sizes—the small (or half-crown) jar, and the large jar at seven shillings and sixpence. The large jar contains three and a half times as much as the small jar. It is applied nightly with a small sponge before retiring to rest. Testimonials have been received from numerous members of the aristocracy and may be examined at the office by any bona fide inquirer."

"Is it really good?"

"I invented it," said Wilfred simply.

She looked at him adoringly.

"How clever you are! Any girl ought to be proud to marry you."

"Oh, well!" said Wilfred, with a modest wave of his hand.

"All the same, my guardian is going to be terribly angry when I tell him we're engaged."

"Why?"

"I inherited the Purdue millions when my uncle died, you see, and my guardian has always wanted me to marry his son Percy."

Wilfred kissed her fondly and laughed a defiant laugh.

"Jer mong feesh der selar," he said lightly, having practically mastered the French language during his two weeks at the hotel.

BUT, some days after his return to London, whither the girl had preceded him, he had occasion to recall her words. As he sat in his study, musing on a preparation to cure the pip in canaries, a card was brought to him.

"Sir Jasper ffinch-ffarrowmere, Bart.," he read.

The name was strange to him.

"Show the gentleman in," he said.

And presently there entered a very stout man with a broad, pink face. It was a face whose natural expression should, Wilfred felt, have been jovial, but at the moment it was grave.

"Sir Jasper Finch-Farrowmere?" said Wilfred.

"ffinch-ffarrowmere," corrected the visitor, his sensitive ear detecting the capital letters.

"Ah, yes. You spell it with two small f's."

"Four small f's."

"And to what do I owe the honor—?"

"I am Angela Purdue's guardian."

"How do you do? A whisky-and-soda?"

"I thank you, no. I am a total abstainer. I found that alcohol had a tendency to increase my weight, so I gave it up. I have also given up butter, potatoes, soups of all kinds, and— However," he broke off, the fanatic gleam that comes into the eyes of all fat men who are describing their system of diet fading away, "this is not a social call, and I must not take up your time with idle talk. I have a message for you, Mr. Mulliner. From Angela."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

"Two incomes are better than one"

BONDS
for permanent income

Consistent investment of a part of your current earnings in good bonds will enable you to build up a second income from accumulated earnings, a permanent income which will carry on after your own personal earnings cease.

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The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS · ACCEPTANCES SHORT TERM NOTES

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

"Bless her!" said Wilfred. "Sir Jasper, I love that girl with a fervor that increases daily."

"Is that so?" said the baronet. "Well, what I came to say was, it's all off."

"What!"

"All off. She sent me to say that she had thought it over and wanted to break the engagement."

Wilfred's eyes narrowed. He had not forgotten what Angela had said about this man wanting her to marry his son. He gazed piercingly at his visitor, no longer deceived by the superficial geniality of his appearance. He had read too many detective stories where the fat, jolly, red-faced man turns out a fiend in human shape, to be a ready victim to appearances.

"Indeed?" he said coldly. "I should prefer to have this information from Miss Purdue's own lips."

"She won't see you. But, anticipating this attitude on your part, I brought a letter from her. You recognize the writing?"

Sir Jasper paused at a door on the second floor. A hand stretched forth and the tray vanished.

WILFRED took the letter. Certainly the hand was Angela's, and the meaning of the words he read unmistakable. Nevertheless, as he handed the missive back there was a hard smile on his face.

"There is such a thing as writing a letter under compulsion," he said.

The baronet's pink face turned mauve.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"What I say."

"Are you insinuating—?"

"Yes, I am."

"Pooh, sir!"

"Pooh to you!" said Wilfred. "And, if you want to know what I think, you poor ffish, I believe your name is spelled with a capital F, like anybody else's."

Stung to the quick, the baronet turned on his heel and left the room without uttering another word.

Although he had given up his life to chemical research, Wilfred Mulliner was no mere dreamer. He could be the man of action when necessity demanded. Scarcely had his visitor left when he was on his way to the Senior Test Tubes, the famous chemists' club in St. James's. There, consulting Kelly's County Families, he learned that Sir Jasper's address was ffinch Hall in Yorkshire. He had found out all he wanted to know. It was at ffinch Hall, he decided, that Angela must now be immured.

For that she was being immured somewhere, he had no doubt. That letter, he was positive, had been written by her under stress of threats. The writing was Angela's, but he declined to believe that she was responsible for the phraseology and sentiments. He remembered reading a story where the heroine was forced into courses she would not otherwise have contemplated by the fact that somebody was standing over her with a flask of vitriol. Possibly this was what the bounder of a baronet had done to Angela.

Considering this possibility, he did not blame her for what she had said about him, Wilfred, in the second paragraph of her note. Nor did he reproach her for signing herself "Yrs truly, A. Purdue." Naturally, when baronets are threatening to pour vitriol down her neck, a refined and sensitive young girl cannot pick her words. This sort of thing must of necessity interfere with the selection of the *mot juste*.

THAT afternoon Wilfred was in a train on his way to Yorkshire. That evening he was in the ffinch Arms in the village of which Sir Jasper was the squire. That night he was in the gardens of ffinch Hall, prowling softly round the house, listening.

And presently, as he prowled, there came to his ears from an upper window a sound that made him stiffen like a statue and clench his hands till the knuckles stood out white under the strain. It was the sound of a woman sobbing.

Wilfred spent a sleepless night, but by morning he had formed his plan of action. I will not weary you with a description of the slow and tedious steps by which he first made the acquaintance of Sir Jasper's valet, who was an habitue of the village inn, and then by careful stages won the man's confidence with friendly words and beer. Suffice it to say that, about a week later, Wilfred had induced this man with bribes to leave suddenly on the plea of an aunt's illness, supplying—so as to cause his employer no inconvenience—a cousin to take his place.

This cousin, as you will have guessed, was Wilfred himself—but a very different Wilfred from the dark-haired, cleancut young scientist who had revolutionized the world of chemistry a few months before by proving that H20 + b3g4z7 — m9z8 = g6f5p3x.

BEFORE leaving London on what he knew would be a dark and dangerous enterprise, Wilfred had taken the precaution of calling in at a well known costumier's and buying a red wig. He had also purchased a pair of blue spectacles. But for the role that he had now undertaken these were, of course, useless. A blue-spectacled valet could not but have aroused suspicion in the most guileless baronet.

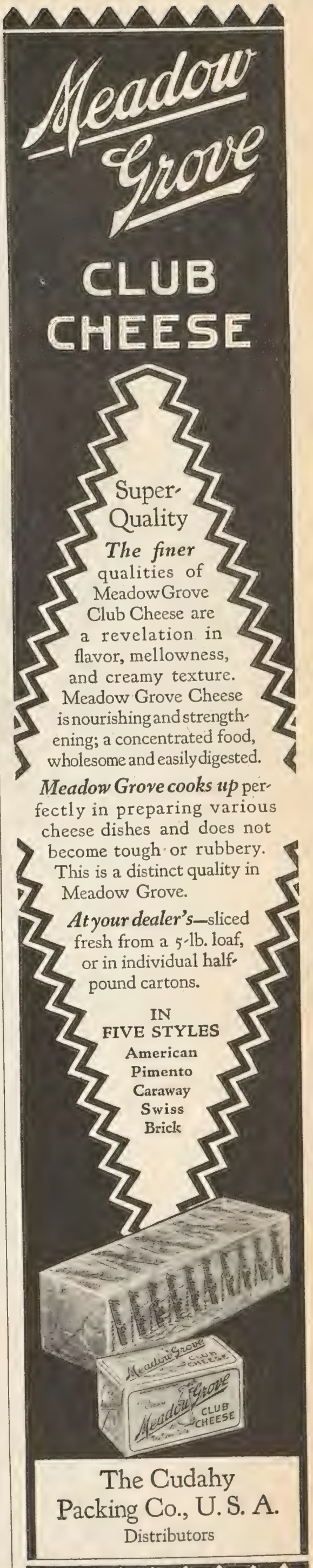
All that Wilfred did, therefore, in the way of preparation, was to don the wig, shave off his mustache, and treat his face to a light coating of the Raven Gypsy Face Cream.

This done, he set out for ffinch Hall.

Externally, ffinch Hall was one of those gloomy, somber country houses that seem to exist only for the purpose of having horrid crimes committed in them. Even in his brief visit to the grounds, Wilfred had noticed fully half a dozen places that seemed incomplete without a cross indicating the spot where body was found by the police. It was the sort of house where ravens croak in the front garden just before the death of the heir and shrieks ring out from behind barred windows in the night.

Nor was its interior more cheerful. And as for the personnel of the domestic staff, that was less exhilarating than anything else about the place. It consisted of an aged cook who, as she bent over her caldrons, looked like something out of a traveling company of Macbeth touring the smaller towns of the North; and of Murgatroyd, the butler, a huge, sinister man with a cast in one eye and an evil light in the other.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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GAS RANGES

THE ROPER PURPLE LINE AND THE ROPER COMPLETE OVEN CONTROL ARE ON THE GAS RANGE YOU BUY

A SLICE OF LIFE
Continued from Page Thirty-seven

Many men, under these conditions, would have been daunted. But not Wilfred Mulliner. Apart from the fact that, like all the Mulliners, he was as brave as a lion, he had come expecting something of this nature.

He settled down to his duties and kept his eyes open; and before long his vigilance was rewarded.

One day, as he lurked around the dimly lit passageways, he saw Sir Jasper coming up the stairs with a laden tray in his hands. It contained a toast-rack, a half-bot of white wine, pepper, salt, veg, and in a covered dish something that Wilfred, sniffing cautiously, decided was a cutlet.

Lurking in the shadows, he followed the baronet to the top of the house.

SIR JASPER paused at a door on the second floor. He knocked. The door opened, a hand was stretched forth, the tray vanished, the door closed, and the baronet moved away.

So did Wilfred. He had seen what he had wanted to see, discovered what he had wanted to discover. He returned to the servants' hall, and, under the gloomy eyes of Murgatroyd, began to shape his plans.

"Where you been?" demanded the butler suspiciously.

"Oh, hither and thither," said Wilfred, with a well assumed airiness.

Murgatroyd directed a menacing glance at him.

"You'd better stay where you belong," he said, in his thick, growling voice. "There's things in this house that don't want seeing."

"Oh!" agreed the cook, dropping an onion in the caldron.

Wilfred could not repress a shudder.

BUT, even as he shuddered, he was conscious of a certain relief. At least, he reflected, they were not starving his darling. That cutlet had smelled uncommonly good, and if the bill of fare were always maintained at this level she had nothing to complain of in the catering.

But his relief was short-lived. What, after all, he asked himself, are cutlets to a girl who is imprisoned in a locked room of a sinister country house and is being forced to marry a man she does not love? Virtually nothing. When the heart is sick, cutlets merely alleviate; they do not cure. Fiercely Wilfred told himself that, come what might, few days should pass before he found the key to that locked door and bore away his love to freedom and happiness.

The only obstacle in the way of

THERE was a grinding crash as the lock gave.

this scheme was that it was plainly going to be a matter of the greatest difficulty to find the key. That night, when his employer dined, Wilfred searched his room thoroughly. He found nothing. The key, he was forced to conclude, was kept on the baronet's person.

Then how to secure it?

It is not too much to say that Wilfred Mulliner was nonplused. The brain that had electrified the world of science by discovering that if you mixed a stiffish oxygen with potassium and added a splash of trinitrotoluol and a spot of old brandy, you got something that could be sold in America as champagne at a hundred and fifty dollars the case, had to confess itself baffled.

TO attempt to analyze the young man's emotions, as the next week dragged itself by, would be merely morbid. Life cannot, of course, be all sunshine; and in relating a story like this, which is a slice of life, one must pay as much attention to shade as to light. Nevertheless, it would be tedious were I to describe to you in detail the soul torments that afflicted Wilfred Mulliner as day followed day and no solution of the problem presented itself.

You are all intelligent men, and you can picture to yourselves how a high-spirited young fellow, deeply in love, must have felt, knowing that the girl he loved was languishing in what virtually amounted to a dungeon—though situated on an upper floor—and chafing at his inability to set her free.

His eyes became sunken. His cheek bones stood out. He lost weight. And so noticeable was this change in his physique that Sir Jasper ffinch-ffarrowmere commented on it one evening in tones of unconcealed envy.

"How the devil, Straker," he said—for this was the pseudonym under which Wilfred was passing—"do you manage to keep so thin? Judging by the weekly books, you eat like a starving Eskimo, and yet you don't put on weight. Now, I, in addition to knocking off butter and potatoes, have started drinking hot unsweetened lemon juice each night before retiring, and yet, damme," he said—for, like all baronets, he was careless in his language—"I weighed myself this morning, and I was up another six ounces. What's the explanation?"

"Yes, Sir Jasper," said Wilfred mechanically.

"What the devil do you mean 'yes, Sir Jasper'?"

"No, Sir Jasper."

The baronet wheezed plaintively.

"I've been studying this matter closely," he said, "and it's one of the seven wonders of the world. Have you ever seen a fat valet? Of course not. Nor has anybody else. There is no such thing as a fat valet. And yet, there is scarcely a moment during the day when a valet is not eating.

"He rises at six-thirty, and at seven is having coffee and buttered toast.

"At eight he breakfasts off porridge, cream, eggs, bacon, jam, bread and butter, more eggs, more bacon, more jam, more tea, and more bread and butter, finishing up with a slice of cold ham and a sardine.

"At eleven o'clock he has his 'elevenses,' consisting of coffee, cream, more bread and more butter.

"At one, luncheon—a hearty meal, replete with every form of starchy food and lots of beer. If he can get at the port, he has port.

"At three, a snack. At four, another snack. At five, tea and buttered toast.

"At seven, dinner—probably with floury potatoes and certainly with lots more beer.

"At nine, another snack. And at ten-thirty he retires to bed, taking with him a glass of milk and a plate of biscuits to keep himself from getting hungry in the night.

"And yet, he remains as slender as a string bean; while I, who have been dieting for years, tip the beam at two hundred and seventeen pounds and am growing a third and supplementary chin. These are mysteries, Straker."

"Yes, Sir Jasper."

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," said the baronet. "I'm getting down one of those indoor Turkish bath cabinet affairs from London, and if that doesn't do the trick I give up the struggle."

The indoor Turkish bath duly arrived and was unpacked; and it was some three nights later that Wilfred, brooding in the servants' hall, was roused from his reverie by Murgatroyd.

"Here," said Murgatroyd; "wake up. Sir Jasper's calling you."

"Calling me what?" asked Wilfred, coming to himself with a start.

"Calling you very loud," growled the butler.

It was indeed so. From the upper regions of the house there was proceeding a series of sharp yelps, evidently those of a man in mortal stress.

WILFRED was reluctant to interfere in any way if, as seemed probable, his employer was dying in agony; but he was a conscientious man, and it was his duty, while in this sinister house, to perform the work for which he was paid.

He hurried up the stairs, and, entering Sir Jasper's bedroom, perceived the baronet's crimson face protruding from the top of the indoor Turkish bath.

"So you've come at last!" cried Sir Jasper. "Look here, when you put me into this infernal contrivance just now, what did you do to the dashed thing?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Here's the Remarkable *New* way of removing Cleansing Cream

that experts say makes an almost unbelievable difference in the color and fineness of your skin

No more oily skins. Your make-up holds hours longer than before. Instead of towels, cloths, harsh fibre, or paper makeshifts, you use this deliciously soft new material—27 times as absorbent! A wholly different way from any known before.

Please accept a 7-day supply to try

MODERN beauty science has discovered that the *way you remove* cleansing cream has an almost amazing influence on the color and softness of your skin.

Now a new way has been found—one that ends oily nose and skin conditions amazingly.

That holds your make-up fresh for hours longer than before.

That largely ends skin imperfections and eruptions.

That almost instantly lightens a dark looking skin several shades or more.

The coupon brings a full 7-day supply without charge. Please use it. What it brings will amaze you.

Virtually every prominent motion picture star before the public today employs this method. Scarcely a woman of the stage but employs it. Foremost beauty specialists everywhere are urging it as marking a new era in skin care.

The only way that removes germ-laden matter from the pores

This new way is called Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*. A new kind of material; different from any other you have ever seen; developed in consultation with leading authorities in skin care solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

It comes in exquisite, aseptic sheets of handkerchief size. You use it, then discard it.

It is the first method ever known that removes all cleansing cream, all dirt, grime and germ-laden matter from the pores.

No more soiled towels

Soft as down and white as snow, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel. It ends the "soiled towel" method that is dangerous to skin beauty.

It avoids the harshness of paper makeshift ways. It is made by one of the world's leading makers of absorbents.

Because it removes all dangerous matter and grease from the pores, it combats greasy skin and nose conditions. A greasy skin often means cold cream left in the skin which the pores constantly exude.

No oily skins

A blemished skin largely indicates a germ condition of the pores. You must clean them out. Old ways—towels, etc.—won't do it.

Those remove but *part* of the cream and dirt, rub the rest back in. Thus your skin not only is endangered, but may seem several shades darker than it is.

In two or three days the use of Kleenex will prove itself.

You will be surprised at the difference in your skin. In its fairness, freedom from "shine," in the way your make-up holds its charm and freshness.

Send the coupon

Just detach the coupon. Use it by all means. You'll be delighted with what it brings.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes.

Boudoir size, sheets 6 x 7 in. 35c
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ABSORBENT
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To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

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Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs —*absorbent*—as offered.

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—there is no denying the fact and still it is surprising that so many who realize the importance of pure, nutritious foods give so little thought and attention to so vitally important a subject.

Dietitians and food experts who have made an exhaustive study of food values are emphatic in their recommendation of

CALUMET

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

because the most rigid tests prove conclusively that bakings leavened with Calumet are pure and wholesome and provide nourishment that is absolutely necessary to good health and good looks, which, of course, are the result of good health.

Calumet quality has been the same for over 37 years. Built up to quality, not down to price.

Every ingredient used officially approved by U. S. Food Authorities.

SALES 2½ TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND

[A SLICE OF LIFE Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

"Nothing beyond what was indicated in the printed pamphlet accompanying the machine, Sir Jasper. Following the instructions, I slid Rod A into Groove B, fastening with Catch C."

"Well, you must have made a mess of it somehow. The thing's stuck! I can't get out."

"You can't?" cried Wilfred.

"NO. And the bally apparatus is getting considerably hotter than the hinges of the inferno." (I must apologize for Sir Jasper's language, but you know what baronets are.) "I'm being cooked to a crisp!"

A sudden flash of light seemed to blaze upon Wilfred Mulliner.

"I will release you, Sir Jasper."

"Well, hurry up, then."

"On one condition." Wilfred fixed him with a piercing gaze. "First, I must have the key."

"There isn't a key, you idiot. It doesn't lock. It just clicks when you slide Gadget D into Thingumabob E."

"The key I require is that of the room in which you are holding Angela Purdue a prisoner."

"What the devil do you mean? Ouch!"

"I will tell you what I mean, Sir Jasper ffinch-ffarrowmere. I am Wilfred Mulliner."

"Don't be an ass. Wilfred Mulliner has black hair. Yours is red. You must be thinking of someone else."

"This is a wig," said Wilfred; "by Clarkson." He shook a menacing finger at the baronet. "You little thought, Sir Jasper ffinch-ffarrowmere, when you embarked on this dastardly scheme, that Wilfred Mulliner was watching your every move. I guessed your plans from the start. And now is the moment when I checkmate them. Give me that key, you fiend."

"ffiend," corrected Sir Jasper automatically.

"I am going to release my darling—to take her away from this dreadful house—to marry her by special license as soon as it can legally be done!"

In spite of his sufferings, a ghastly laugh escaped Sir Jasper's lips.

"You are, are you?"

"I am."

"Yes, you are!"

"Give me the key."

"I haven't got it, you chump. It's in the door."

"Ha, ha!"

"It's no good saying 'Ha, ha!' It is in the door; on Angela's side of the door."

"A likely story! But I cannot stay here, wasting time. If you will not give me the key, I shall go up and break in the door."

"Do!" Once more the baronet laughed like a tortured soul. "And see what she'll say."

Wilfred could make nothing of this last remark. He could, he thought, imagine very clearly what Angela would say. He could picture her sobbing on his chest, murmuring that she knew he would come, that she had never doubted him for an instant. He leaped for the door.

"Here! Hi! Aren't you going to let me out?"

"Presently," said Wilfred. "Keep cool."

He raced up the stairs.

"ANGELA," he cried, pressing his lips against the panel. "Angela!"

"Who's that?" answered a well remembered voice from within.

"It is I—Wilfred. I am going to burst open the door. Stand clear of the gates."

He drew back a few paces, and hurled himself at the woodwork. There was a grinding crash as the lock gave. And Wilfred, staggering on, found himself in a room so dark that he could see nothing.

"Angela, where are you?"

"I'm here. And I'd like to know why you are, after that letter I wrote you. Some men," continued the strangely cold voice, "do not seem to know how to take a hint."

Wilfred staggered and would have fallen had he not clutched at his forehead.

"That letter?" he

TOYING with a horsewhip, stood Murgatroyd, the butler.

stammered. "You surely didn't mean what you wrote in that letter?"

"I meant every word, and I wish I had put in more."

"But—but—but—but don't you love me, Angela?"

A hard, mocking laugh rang through the room.

"Love you? Love the man who recommended me to try Mulliner's Raven Gypsy Face Cream?"

"What do you mean?"

"I will tell you what I mean. Wilfred Mulliner, look on your handiwork!"

The room became suddenly flooded with light. And there, standing with her hand on the switch, stood Angela — a queenly, lovely figure, in whose radiant beauty the sternest critic would have noted but one flaw: the fact that she was piebald.

Wilfred gazed at her with adoring eyes. Her face was partly brown and partly white, and on her snowy neck there were patches of sepia that looked like the thumb-prints you find on the pages of books in the Free Library. But he thought her the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. He longed to fold her in his arms, and but for the fact that her eyes told him she would undoubtedly land an uppercut on him if he tried it, he would have done so.

"Yes," she went on. "This is what you have made of me, Wilfred Mulliner—you and that awful stuff you call the Raven Gypsy Face Cream.

"I took your advice and bought one of the large jars at seven-and-six, and see the result! Barely twenty-four hours after the first application, I could have walked into any circus and named my own terms as the Spotted Princess of the Fiji Islands.

"I fled here, to my childhood home, to hide myself. And the first thing that happened"—her voice broke—"was that my favorite hunter shied at me and tried to bite pieces out of his manger; while Ponto, my little dog, whom I have reared from a puppy, caught one sight of my face and is now in the hands of the vet and unlikely to recover. And it was you, Wilfred Mulliner, who brought this curse upon me!"

Many men would have wilted beneath those searing words, but Wilfred Mulliner merely smiled with infinite compassion and understanding.

"It is quite all right," he said. "I should have warned you, sweetheart, that this occasionally happens in cases where the skin is exceptionally delicate and finely textured. It can be speedily remedied by an application of the Mulliner Snow of the Mountains Lotion, four shillings the medium-sized bottle."

"Wilfred! Is this true?"

"Perfectly true, dearest. And is this all that stands between us?"

"No!" shouted a voice of thunder.

Wilfred wheeled sharply. In the doorway stood Sir Jasper ffinch - ffarrowmere. He was swathed in a bath towel, what was visible of his person being a bright crimson. Behind him, toying with a horsewhip, stood Murgatroyd, the butler.

"You didn't expect to see me, did you?"

"I certainly," replied Wilfred severely, "did not expect to see you in a lady's presence in a costume like that."

"Never mind my costume!" Sir Jasper turned. "Murgatroyd, do your duty!"

The bulter, scowling horribly, advanced into the room.

"Stop!" screamed Angela.

"I haven't begun yet, miss," said the butler deferentially.

"You shan't touch Wilfred. I love him."

"What!" cried Sir Jasper. "After all that has happened?"

"Yes. He has explained everything."

A grim frown appeared on the baronet's vermilion face.

"I'll bet he hasn't explained why he left me to be cooked in that infernal Turkish bath! I was beginning to throw out clouds of smoke when Murgatroyd, faithful fellow, heard my cries and came and released me."

"Though not my work," added the butler.

Wilfred eyed him steadily.

"If," he said, "you used Mulliner's Reduc-o, the recognized specific for obesity, whether in the tabloid form at three shillings the tin, or as a liquid at five-and-six the flask, you would have no need to stew in Turkish baths. Mulliner's Reduc-o, which contains no injurious chemicals, but is compounded purely of health-giving herbs, is guaranteed to remove excess weight, steadily and without weakening after effects, at the rate of two pounds a week. As used by the nobility."

The glare of hatred faded from the baronet's eyes.

"Is that a fact?" he whispered.

"It is."

"You guarantee it?"

"All the Mulliner preparations are fully guaranteed."

"My boy!" cried the baronet. He shook Wilfred by the hand. "Take her," he said brokenly. "And with her my bblessing."

A discreet cough sounded in the background.

"You haven't anything, by any chance, sir," asked Murgatroyd, "that's good for lumbago?"

"Mulliner's Ease-o will cure the most stubborn case in six days."

"Bless you, sir, bless you!" sobbed Murgatroyd. "Where can I get it?"

"At all chemists."

"It catches me in the small of the back principally, sir."

"It need catch you no longer," said Wilfred.

There is little to add. Murgatroyd is now the most lissom butler in Yorkshire. Sir Jasper's weight is down under the two hundred pounds, and he is thinking of taking up hunting again. Wilfred and Angela are man and wife; and never, I am informed, have the wedding bells of the old church at ffinch village rung out a blither peal than they did on that June morning when Angela, raising to her lover a face on which the brown was as evenly distributed as on an antique walnut table, replied to the clergyman's question, "Wilt thou, Angela, take this Wilfred?" with a shy "I will." They now have two bonny bairns—the small, or Percival, at a preparatory school in Sussex and the large, or Ferdinand, at Eton.

HERE Mr. Mulliner, having finished his hot Scotch, bade us farewell and took his departure.

A silence followed his exit. The company seemed plunged in deep thought. Then somebody rose.

"Well, good night, all," he said. It seemed to sum up the situation.

THE END

Begin "War Birds" Next Week.

A Fun Feast for WODEHOUSE FANS

P. G. Himself

A whole serial novel. The funniest story ever jingled off typewriter keys, written by the

RECOGNIZED MASTER

of humorous fiction.

The name of this captivating story is still a secret, but we can tell you this much: it is a tale of young love, intrigue, adventure, abounding in uproarious comedy. Watch for the opening installment

IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF LIBERTY

HOT WATER *and* *Electric light*

WHEN you want *light,* you press a button or pull a cord. You can have *hot water* just as easily as that—and no limit to the amount. With a Humphrey Automatic Gas Water Heater in your cellar, all you have to do is turn the faucet. *Your Humphrey does everything else.*

Hot water comes instantly—and flows as long as you wish. A tub-ful is provided as easily as a cup-ful. Clean, clear and piping hot (never quite boiling).

Day or night, summer or winter, your Humphrey Automatic is always ready to supply your needs. Think—as long as you live, you will never again have to work or plan or worry about hot water—*or the lack of it.* You simply substitute a Humphrey Automatic for your own muscle and brains.

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Economy plays a big part in Humphrey efficiency. Gas waste is *impossible* in the face of positive, mechanical checks that are found only in Humphrey Automatic Heaters. It actually costs less for an *abundant* Humphrey hot water supply than for a *"skimpy"* supply furnished by any other means.

There's a Humphrey Automatic of just the right type and capacity to serve your home and household to perfection. Your gas company or plumber will give you details, or better yet, write us for booklet of interesting information and name of dealer who can serve you.

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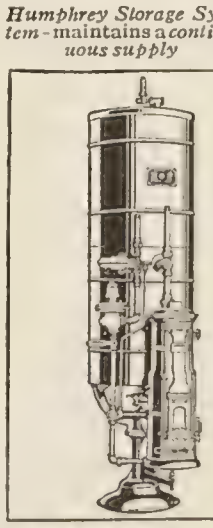
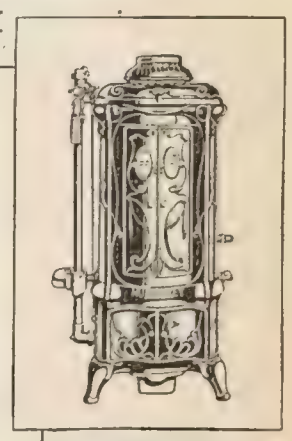
Humphrey Storage System—maintains a *continuous supply*





Humphrey Type-A Automatic—heats water *instantly* as it flows

HUMPHREY
Automatic Gas Water Heaters

YOUR WORDS *are* Worth Money—DON'T WASTE THEM!

Make Them into Titles for LIBERTY Covers

$1,000 a Week *for* Titles

EIGHT PRIZES—EIGHT CHANCES *for* YOU

TURN over right now and look at the picture on the front of this magazine. No, don't trust to memory. Look at it again. That's right! Now read the story of that picture. It begins about three inches due south of this line.

Now, come back here! The hardest part of the whole contest is over. All you have to do now is to write a title—quick! Don't stop to think! Grab the first one that comes into your mind and put it down on the coupon. Often it's the first hunch that wins. If you get a second thought, you can send that in, too. There's no limit—read the rules printed below. But, whatever you do, get that first title into the mails today! It may bring back $500! DO IT NOW!

THERE ARE EIGHT PRIZES NOW—INSTEAD OF ONE

For the Love o' Lil!

By LESLIE THRASHER

CHAPTER VIII OF THE FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

IT was a little after noon on Saturday, and R. E. (Pop) Morse felt both agreeable and expansive as he mounted the front porch of his residence. A few moments before, he had closed his retail coal and real estate office with more than his usual satisfaction over the result of the week's business.

Even the discovery that the porch swing was occupied jointly by his daughter, Lil, and Lil's beau, Sandy, did not wipe the smile from his features—as the sight of Sandy usually did.

"Well, Lil," said Mr. Morse, favoring the young man with a brief nod, "I sold that corner lot on Main Street, and I'll take you to the ball game."

"Suits me," said Lil, who had been waiting for Sandy to propose some more thrilling brand of entertainment.

"I'll be charmed!" said Sandy.

Mr. Morse gave him a hard look. "Didn't know you cared for baseball—I see you so much around the house."

"Oh, yes!" Sandy assured him, and would have added something else, except that he suddenly experienced difficulty in swallowing.

"Well, come on!" said Mr. Morse. Sandy thought he might be able to hold Lil's hand, if she sat next to him in the grand stand. But Pop Morse made the seating arrangements. And how Pop enjoyed that game!

(To be continued)

$1,000 MORE NEXT WEEK!

RULES

1 On the front cover of LIBERTY this week is a picture without a title. This picture is a part of LIBERTY's new cover serial—For the Love o' Lil—telling the picture-story of an American family. The public is invited to suggest a title for this picture.

2 Eight cash prices will be paid each week as follows:

1st Prize	$500
2d Prize	250
3d Prize	100
4th Prize	50
5th to 8th prizes ($25 each)	100
Total	$1,000

3 This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of LIBERTY and their families.

4 Each entry must contain the following:
a. A title suggestion in ten words or less.
b. A letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

5 Contestants may submit as many answers as they wish. The accompanying coupon may be used or separate sheets of paper. If separate sheets are used, the coupon number should be written on each one.

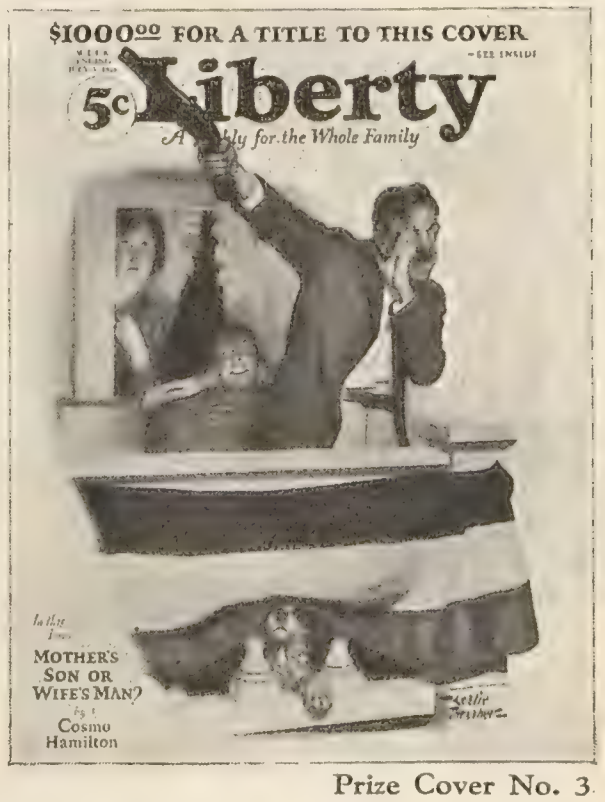
6 All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City, and must be in this office by midnight, August 14, 1926. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in LIBERTY as soon thereafter as possible.

7 Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8 Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of LIBERTY and their decision will be final. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise, and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

Prize Award No. 3



Prize Cover No. 3

THIS TITLE WON $1,000

Dad Pulls An Old One

The Winner:

Mrs. H. F. WEBER

1812 FIRST AVENUE S.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

To Mrs. Weber, winning the $1,000 prize means opportunity. She is twenty-eight years old and married, but has no children. For years she studied art, hoping to become an illustrator, but circumstances hampered her ambition. Keen interest in Leslie Thrasher's famous paintings for LIBERTY covers led her to enter the contest. Wouldn't it be a wonderful coincidence if the prize helped to make her dreams come true?

"Covers"—LIBERTY
247 Park Avenue, New York City

No. 8

My title for the LIBERTY cover for August 7 is:

.....

Write title here and send with it a letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

The REWARDS of Being HOMELY

SHE let George rave to her about his new love, and still fed him chocolate cake, merely from force of habit.

Pictures by
SEYMOUR BALL

Beauty's False Alarm Starts a Real Fire Somewhere Else

An Article by

Mary Clare Davron

OF course, we'd all like to be born good-looking. But since, for most of us, this is impossible, it's just as well, if you are homely—and especially if you are a homely woman—to face facts early in the game.

Homeliness need not mean unhappiness. In fact, homeliness by itself seldom does. Look around you at the women who are the happiest, at the women who have made the best marriages. How many of them would get even honorable mention in a beauty contest?

It is surprising the number of matrimonial prizes that go to plain women. Pick out your successful, popular, handsome man—and then meet his wife. Usually you are in for a distinct shock.

The two handsomest men I know both loved the same woman. And of her I once heard another woman say in utter uncomprehension: "Lord knows, it can't be her looks; she's anything but beautiful!" Yet both of the men remained in love with her, though she could marry only one.

And that's another point: Once a homely woman "gets her man," she usually has him for keeps.

The reason is obvious. She won him not because of her beauty but in spite of her plainness. Fair and square, in an open market and in competition with good-looking or even beautiful women, she gained her prize.

Why? How?

It probably had its inception back as early as the days when, a plain child of five or six, she began to sense ever so vaguely that something was wrong. The child next door with the gleaming curls, starry eyes, doll-like face, and cunning ways was getting the cream of things; the center of the stage was hers whenever she chose to walk on.

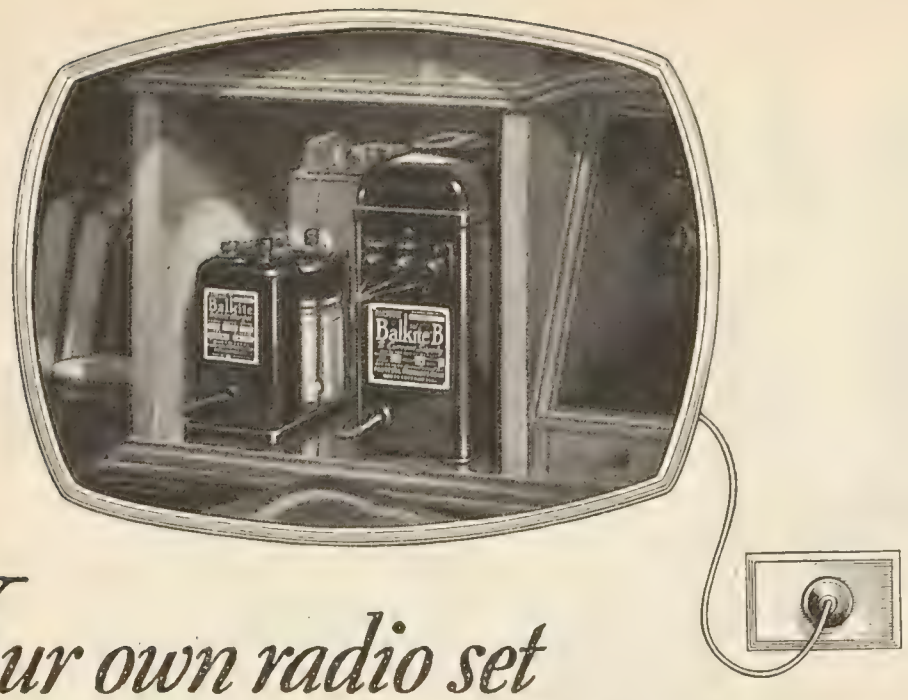
Here begins the hardest period of a homely woman's life—the period of realization. What makes it so hard is that it comes in early youth, before there has been time to develop a sustaining philosophy.

Nevertheless, youth is the time for adjustments and remaking. Better the disappointments then than later, when there is less power of adjustment. Many an awkward eighteen has, by taking thought, been turned into a fascinating twenty-two. For that matter, I have not the slightest doubt that many a bitter twenty-eight could be changed to a glorious thirty-five.

When a girl isn't pretty, she's obliged, as we say of the ball players, to "have something." Call it personality, flavor, charm—what you will. It's the thing that begins to develop in her as soon as she realizes that she cannot get far on her looks alone. Disappointment brings a search for truth, truth brings understanding, and understanding helps all along the way.

I knew a plain little girl who, from school days, cherished an affection for a youth who was easily the handsomest and most popular in town. In high school he rushed only the prettiest girls; afterward he did much the same. He never gave the mouse girl a sentimental thought. But she kept on secretly adoring him and watching him through first one affair, then another. Those of us who

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Your own radio set becomes a light socket receiver with Balkite "B" *and a* Balkite Trickle Charger

To own a light socket radio set you need not buy a new receiver. Nor make any changes in your present set. Merely add Balkite "B" and a Balkite Trickle Charger.

Balkite "B" replaces "B" batteries entirely and supplies "B" current from the light circuit. It is unlike any other "B" device. It will outlive 20 sets of "B" batteries. The Balkite Trickle Charger converts your present "A" battery into a light socket "A" power unit. Once connected it is left on permanent charge. For maximum convenience you may also add a switch to cut out the charger and turn on Balkite "B" during operation.

Both Balkite "B" and the Balkite Trickle Charger are permanent pieces of equipment and entirely noiseless. They have no bulbs, nothing to wear out, break or get out of order. Other than household current their first cost is the last.

This type of installation is the last word in radio convenience. At the turn of a switch you always have full power. And with full power your set will give you consistently better reception. Ask your dealer.

FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc.
North Chicago, Illinois

FANSTEEL
Balkite
Radio Power Units

[THE REWARDS OF BEING HOMELY]
Continued from Page Forty-three

knew thought her devotion pathetic, not to say foolish.

She had one slight advantage. She lived next door to him. That way she saw him for a few minutes' chat now and then. Sometimes it was as he passed down the street on gorgeous moonlit summer evenings to keep a tryst with some pretty girl. Often he would merely wave his hand and call out, "'Lo, Grace," and she'd just answer from her lonely corner on the porch:

"Hello, George."

True, he repeatedly fell out with the reigning beauties. He was a bit spoiled and so, in many cases, were the beauties. Hence arguments, recriminations, jealousies.

Here Grace had understanding. Being homely, she had learned at an early age that temperament is only for beauties. So when it leaked out around town that George had fallen out with his latest inamorata, Grace always made it a point the day she heard it to be gardening in the hedge between the two houses when George came home in the afternoon. Then—she had not lived next door to him since childhood for nothing—she would tell him she had just that afternoon made a chocolate cake—wouldn't he come on over and have a piece? She knew his almost childish weakness for chocolate cake—perhaps that's why she specialized in making it.

AT any rate, George usually came, and while he ate the cake Grace would tell him how well he played in the tennis tournament Saturday, or the hockey match, as the case might be, and how immensely superior he was to, say, Jack Redding, whom Grace knew to be George's nearest rival and a runner-up for the mantle of his popularity. The upshot of it was that he went home with his pride reconstructed and all set up again in his own estimation. Then—all being well with his world again—he would immediately set out after—another pretty girl.

Then George became engaged. The girl was a rearing, tearing beauty, no mistake about it. She had come to town two weeks before for a visit. Grace was the first to offer congratulations. At the same time she had probably picked out her favorite convent or decided to go as a nurse to the lepers or something. But she let George rave to her about his new love, and she still fed him chocolate cake, merely from force of habit. Then her sister in another town became ill and Grace went away to take care of her. While she was away George's engagement was broken. The girl wrote him saying it was all a mistake and begging him to forgive her, etc.

Heretofore he had always had Grace to bolster him up in emergencies of this sort. Now, in his worst extremity, there wasn't any Grace. He didn't dare go to any of the popular girls of the town—having had misunderstandings with too many of them. Besides, his engagement to the out-of-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

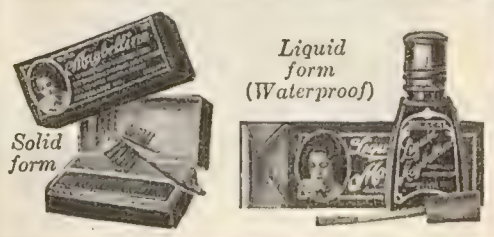
Amazing!

the difference that
Maybelline
makes

Instantly, Maybelline makes scant, light colored lashes appear naturally long, dark, luxuriant. Eyes that were pale, become deep, interesting shadowy pools of fascinating expression—with a touch of Maybelline, the wonder beauty aid.

Try Solid Maybelline or the new, harmless, waterproof Liquid form, today. Either—in black or brown 75c at all toilet goods counters.

Maybelline Co., 4750-10 Sheridan Rd., Chicago



12 Exquisite Selected Perfumes 98c
and other Rieger Toilet Articles
Special Assortment—Regular Value $2.50

Now Rieger offers you an unusual opportunity of becoming acquainted with the exquisite creations in the Rieger line, for 53 years the choice of discriminating perfume users throughout the world. Read this list of the charming toiletries that have been especially selected for you to try—

Read this list	Full size package	Value of trial pkg.
1—Rieger's Concentrated Flower drops	(oz. $10.00)	.25
2—Parfum Rahna (The Persian perfume)	(oz. 5.00)	.25
3—Sweet Kiss (A tantalizing fragrance)	(oz. 2.00)	.20
4—Parfum Rienzi (Wonderful new odor)	(oz. 2.50)	.20
5—Garden Bloom (A delightful bouquet)	(oz. 3.00)	.20
6—Ideal (Entrancing and fragrant)	(oz. 1.50)	.20
7—Golden Narcissus (So fashionable)	(oz. 3.00)	.20
8—Honolulu Bouquet (Very popular)	(oz. 1.00)	.15
9—Creme of Violets (Greaseless cream)	(tube .50)	.10
10—Golden Narcissus Face Powder	(box 2.50)	.35
11—Honolulu Bouquet Face Powder	(box 1.00)	.20
12—Golden Narcissus Sachet Powder	(jar 2.00)	.20
	Total value	$2.50

All of the above sent you for only 98c!

Full size packages at all dealers. If he cannot supply you order direct on coupon below. Order from above list.

Send No Money

SEND THIS COUPON

PAUL RIEGER & CO., (Est. 1872)
178 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

Send me the box of 12 selected Perfumes and other Rieger Toilet Articles, postage prepaid. On delivery I will pay postman 98c plus small C.O.D. fee.

Also send me full size packages of—
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You guarantee I will be pleased or my money refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

town girl did not add to his popularity at home. And, anyway, he was used to depending on Grace. Distraught as he was, he acted with simple masculine directness. The morning after it happened he left town, and that afternoon, two hundred miles away, Grace had a visitor.

He told her of the overwhelming thing that had happened to him. She sympathized with him as of old. She saw at once, though, that the crushing blow to his pride was hurting more than his wounded affections, and she decided that George couldn't go on this way forever. So when he asked her when she was coming home, she told him that she wasn't going home again. She was going to take up professional work of some sort. George was appalled. The thought of home without any Grace to run to in emergencies was too much for him. He pleaded with her to marry him and come on back home to live, and together they burst upon the astounded town.

To this day, with your back to the doorway, you can tell when a pretty girl has entered the room by the look of interest that leaps to George's eyes. He has not lost his admiration for pretty women. Grace knows he never will. But she knows, too, that he is afraid of them. He is, where they are concerned, a burnt child dreading the fire. Hence her own security. And, with her husband as the eldest of her children, she is very happy.

Together they burst upon the astounded town.

A BEAUTIFUL woman has one difficulty to combat that a plain one never encounters: She *attracts* all kinds. And no woman, however beautiful, can *hold* all kinds.

Love is a reaching out of the spirit—a groping of the soul to find a fitting mate. No human being is created sufficient unto himself. Even if he thinks he is, he isn't. It wasn't planned that he should be. He is forever on the hunt for a spirit to fill out or complete his own. And to a man almost any beautiful unknown woman is the potential possessor of this vague and mysterious quality. Therefore he pursues the girl whose beauty attracts him—only to find, too often, that she is just another false alarm.

Meanwhile the bewildered girl wonders wherein she has fallen down, when in truth she hasn't fallen down at all. She simply did not measure up in the particular way required by the man in question. Her beautiful exterior held a promise she was not qualified to fill. But she never thinks of that. Her only conscious knowledge is the unflattering one that her erstwhile swain has taken to his heels.

The homely girl has no such handicap as this to fight. She either attracts because she is interesting or she does not attract at all. No man picks her out because of her looks and immediately starts an intensive campaign of pursuit. On the contrary, she is likely to steal upon him unawares. He doesn't scent any danger, nor does he get any particular thrill in meeting her; therefore he doesn't fall in love with her because he wants to or because he sets out to do so. He just goes on seeing her until finally "something about her" gets him, and before he knows it he can't forgo her company, so he marries her.

As for the homely man, let him take heart. When a woman falls in love with a homely man, she might as well throw up her hands. She is in love for keeps. Homely but interesting! That combination has proved the rock of shipwreck for more feminine hearts than ever succumbed to matinee idols or he-beauties of the silver screen.

A very popular girl of my acquaintance once became engaged to a dashing young naval officer who had completely bowled her over during June Week at Annapolis. When she returned home, another suitor, who had patiently loved her for a long time, simply would not hear of her engagement. He called it nonsense, said he had always intended she should marry him, and that he still intended it.

The marvel of it was that the girl neither laughed at him nor called the police. She simply acquiesced, broke the other engagement, and married him. And—this will come as a shock to those who visualize their sheiks with patent-leather hair, soulful orbs, and a leonine cast of countenance—this man was partly bald, wore glasses, and had no more chin than he needed.

The girl later, in justifying herself, said she could not escape his eyes—so straight and square; and she knew he was just like his eyes and had always known that some day she would marry him. Her other engagement she put down merely to the fascination of a uniform and the madness of a glorious June week.

And while we are on the subject, let us give passing thought to one of the greatest fallacies ever perpetrated—"Nobody loves a fat man."

Whoever first uttered this prize banality was probably a lovesick swain who saw the light of his life being carried off under his eyes by some fat man, and then sought to bolster up his own courage and sustain his ego by telling himself it couldn't be true. The same man would doubtless have said, had his rival been lean, "Nobody loves a thin man."

SO the next time a man comes to you raving about the beauty who has completely captured his affections, the next time the girl next door writes home from the summer resort about the Adonis for thinking of whom she can't sleep nights, don't sigh with envy and wonder how these world beaters get that way. Wait a while.

Presently you will meet this man about whom your friend stayed awake nights. When you first lay eyes on him you'll think there must be some mistake. Neither tall nor short, fat nor thin, you say; surely this can't be the man. Then, just as you are beginning to wonder what the object of the joke is, he smiles. At once you understand.

You are impelled to speak to him; the way he inclines his head to catch your remark reminds you vaguely of princes or Chesterfields or something; a warm glow rises in what you are pleased to call your heart, and you reflect that the world is rather a nice place to live in. Of course, the next moment you think how silly you are. But you see what there was about him that made Mary Ellen write home. And you know that it wasn't his looks.

And the "beauty" about whom Tommy raved! You meet her only to find that her features don't match, her eyes are just average, and her complexion needs all the aid well chosen cosmetics can give it. You tell yourself you always knew Tommy was a liar; but then you never did take him seriously anyway.

Then the false alarm, looking earnestly up into your face, tells you that she read one of your stories in a magazine last week and it was "just wonderful."

In the long run—and here's a comforting thought for those of us who must stand in the side lines while the beauty parade passes by—we will find that the whole beauty problem may be summed up today, as it was once before in history, with a few words:

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder!

THE END

Next Week: "War Birds." Don't miss it!

Pictures by ROBERT GRAEF

Domar was frightened and tried to run away.

A Perilous Journey

The Adventures of Nicky, Benny, and Greg

SECOND OF A SERIES OF STORIES FOR CHILDREN

By ALINE KILMER

THE STORY SO FAR

Nicholas, Gregory, and Ben have just started to Buttonwood with their family. They have been sent by themselves to take Domar to the station. Domar is their police dog. Gran, Uncle Bunkle, and their mother will join them in a short time and they will all take the train.

TRAINS kept going by very noisily, so close to them that Domar was frightened and tried to run away. Now, Domar weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Nicky weighs seventy-three pounds, Ben fifty-two, and Gregory fifty. So the three would just balance Domar, but they weren't nearly so strong as he.

Whenever a train came near, Ben and Greg would seize Domar's leash to help Nicky, and all three would be pulled from one end of the station to the other. They fell and skinned their knees and bumped their noses. However, they were so excited that they felt nothing.

They sat there swinging their legs. Seemed to them we were pretty long in coming. But at last we arrived.

Finally Uncle Bunkle took Domar, and Nicholas drew a long breath of relief. Uncle Bunkle weighs a little more than Domar, so we got him safely to the checking-room. There we had to take his clothes off and put them on right. We dressed him and turned him over to the station man.

By this time Nicholas and Gregory and Ben were swarming all over the station, whooping like Indians. Gran and Carlotta were trying to get them all in one place and keep them there. Carlotta was limping and Gran was pink in the face. Gran is little and cunning and pretty, but she is terribly severe inside.

CHAPTER V

UNCLE BUNKLE and I reached the platform where they were running about, and it was time for me to count the luggage again.

The station man came across the tracks with Domar and went way up to the front of the platform where the trunks were waiting. When poor Domar saw that we were leaving him to his fate, he lay down flat and had to be dragged.

The train came in. We all piled on somehow, the children chattering like monkeys. They found single seats in a crowded car with Gran. Uncle Bunkle and I staggered through the train looking for a place that would hold us and the bags. We had just settled ourselves quietly when Carlotta, with three bags and Ben's overcoat, squeezed through the door and sat in front of us. And then she started to cry.

When the conductor came for our tickets I gave him all six of them.

"Two of these are for us, and the rest are for Gran and three little boys who are scattered all over the train."

"*I'll* find 'em!" the conductor said.

Carlotta got off the train at Mount Vernon, still crying.

CHAPTER VI

ALL the way to New York we were very unhappy, thinking about poor Domar. We knew he was miserable!

"You might have expected someone to look in his face and see what a good dog he is and be kind to him," Nicky mourned.

As soon as the train stopped, the children pushed their way through the crowd up toward the baggage car. The door was open and they could see Domar inside, straining at his leash.

At last a colored man came and untied him. He almost bowled the man over in his leap toward his family. But when he reached them he couldn't show as much pleasure as we knew he felt. He could only tremble.

A taxi came up. Gran got into it. Before anyone could stop him Domar made a flying leap after her, landed in little Gran's lap, and buried his head in her coat, and stayed there, trembling.

But we dragged him out and Gran wasn't mashed. Uncle Bunkle came back and we set off, two taxis full.

At the pier Domar was put in an awful cage thing beside a little dog who was howling like a lunatic.

Finally we were all together again and safely on the boat, all but Ben's hat, which he had lost on the way.

Uncle Bunkle went into his room and Gran into ours to rest a little.

What an exciting time our little heroes had on the boat! They got an awful fright—but read about it in next week's issue of LIBERTY.

WE all piled on somehow, the children chattering like monkeys.

The Man Who Tried 9,000 TIMES

"Side-show stuff" on the way to the Big Top where the Clarke Brothers performed.

Hard Work Is the Big Trick in the Circus Trade

An Article by
FRANKLIN FARGO

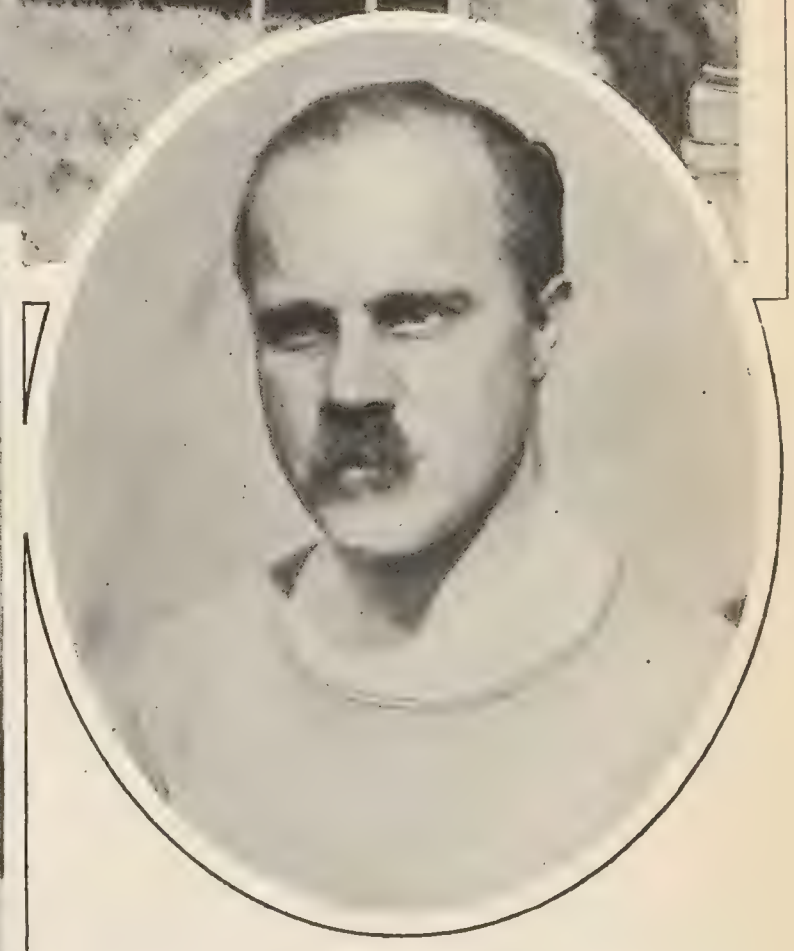
THE greatest tragedy of the circus performer's life is that, while most persons enjoy the circus, very few indeed really understand and appreciate it.

The performer tries to make his act graceful, suave; to give it what he calls "the class." "The class" requires him to perform the most difficult feats with the minimum of apparent endeavor. It imparts finish to his act. It is his technique.

The circus management encourages him, for "the class" is the ambition of the circus as a whole. But both showmen and performers have been somewhat amazed to discover, as time goes on, that "the class" is not entirely an asset. And for an interesting reason:

A circus performance moves quickly. The most costly acts seldom fill more than seven or eight minutes. Thus the audience has no opportunity to scrutinize carefully what the performers do, or to reflect upon the often amazing degree of effort involved.

Ernest Clarke, of the famous Clarke trapeze team.



Charles Clarke, the other member of the team.

It follows that acts which have the most "class" are frequently mistaken for acts which are the least difficult, because the performers go through them adroitly, gracefully, and seemingly without any great exertion.

This is unfortunate, not only from the performers' standpoint, but from the standpoint of the public as well, because the circus, like almost everything else, becomes increasingly enjoyable the more one knows about it.

Take, for instance, the case of Ernest and Charles Clarke. The Clarkes are brothers, considered by many showmen the greatest high-trapeze performers in the world. Their great-great-grandfather was a circus performer, so they were "born to the ring." Ernest is now forty-two years old; his brother is eighteen months younger; and they have been practicing ever since they can remember.

"Among our principal tricks is the double somersault and pirouette," Ernest told me one

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Will you accept $15 a Day —AND A HUDSON COACH FREE

If you are dissatisfied with your present income and want to make more money, write to me at once. I'll give you a wonderful opportunity to make $10 to $15 a day—$60 to $90 in a week. Previous experience is unnecessary and you can make big money *immediately*, without first taking a long or expensive course of training. Complete instructions will be given you *absolutely free*. And besides your large cash earnings, you can get a new Hudson Super-Six Coach without any expense whatever.

This Car FREE

Yes, in addition to your big cash earnings, we also offer to provide you with a new Hudson Super-Six Coach. The car is given to you free of any restrictions, and it becomes your personal, permanent property. Mail the coupon for details of this generous offer.

Look At These Earnings

With the same proposition I am offering you, Christopher Vaughn, of Ohio, has earned as much as *$125 in one week*. Mrs. K. R. Roof, S. C., cleared *$50 the first week in spare time*. Frank M. Brown, N. D., made *$27 in one day*. Mrs. G. H. Michelsen, Nebr., earned *$16 in a single afternoon*. Ralph Mosher, N. Y., cleared *$100 the first 2 weeks*, and at the same time operated a sawmill for 8 hours a day. None of these people ever thought they could earn such big money, but *they did it!* And I will give you every opportunity to duplicate their earnings.

I need 500 men and women to represent us in some of our richest territories. I want men and women who know a real proposition when they see it; who are ambitious to make big money; who would like to become the most successful person in their community. If you act quick, this wonderful opportunity is yours. Then, if you will simply follow a few instructions you will find it easy to make $100 a week, or even more.

An Unusually Profitable Opportunity For You

We are the originators and manufacturers of ZANOL Quality-First Products—the widely known line of over 350 guaranteed Pure Food Products, Toilet Preparations, Soaps, Perfumes, Laundry and Household Necessities. You doubtless have seen ZANOL Products advertised in such big, national magazines as The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, McCall's, and many other leading publications. The American Products Company is one of the largest companies of its kind in the country. We have been in business for 19 years and have more than a million customers located in all parts of the United States. In every community we appoint a reliable man or woman to represent us and take care of our business. For this pleasant, easy, fascinating, dignified effort, our Representatives *made nearly two million dollars last year*. This year they will make even more money. If you will accept the appointment as the ZANOL Representative for your locality now, you can begin at once to get your share of these tremendous profits. I will give you an *exclusive territory* and help you to become established quickly. I will protect your interests so that you, and you alone, will get every cent of profit from the business that comes from your territory.

No Experience Required

This is a straightforward, honest, clean-cut, business proposition. It is your opportunity to make $10 to $15 a day in a high-grade, honorable business, to which you can devote *as much or as little time as you see fit*. You will be your own "boss" in the fullest sense of the word, and you will not be obliged to split your profits with anyone. Many of the ZANOL Representatives who have made the greatest successes have come to us without previous experience. I'll furnish you with complete equipment and tell you in detail exactly what to do. I'll help you in every way to get started quickly and to make big profits without delay. Edgar Morris Ohio, made *$210 the first two weeks*. Del Hebert, N. Y., cleared *$27.35 in ten hours*. Mrs. B. F. Bagnell, La., earns *$10 to $15 a day in spare time*. Mrs. B. L. Hodges, N. Y., makes an average profit of *$18 to $20 a day*.

Get The Facts Today

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started in this wonderful money-making business. I will give you all the details. All I ask you to do is to introduce yourself as the ZANOL Representative in your locality. The rest is easy. Your income will increase by leaps and bounds. You will be astonished at the way the money will come rolling in. You will be amazed to find that in a short time you will have an income of $100 a week.

Investigate This Offer

I don't want any money from you. Just mail the coupon below and I will send you full information about this exceptional money-making opportunity. It costs you nothing to investigate. You do not obligate yourself in any way. Get the facts and then *decide for yourself*. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain. This is your chance to make real money. It should mean thousands of dollars to you. So act immediately. Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Don't delay until it is too late.

Fill out and mail the coupon today.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Albert Mills
President and General Manager
Dept. 5430, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mail This NOW

Albert Mills, *Pres.*
AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Dept. 5430, Cincinnati, Ohio

I want to know how I can earn $10 to $15 a day as a ZANOL Representative. Without cost or obligation to me, you may send all the facts about your money-making proposition.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

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[THE MAN WHO TRIED 9,000 TIMES]
Continued from Page Forty-seven

evening, as we sat on the tongue of a property wagon and watched the crowd file into the Big Top. "We attempted to accomplish it six times daily for two years—or 3,600 times (Sundays and the principal holidays are excluded from our working schedule)—before we did it at all. Then it was exceedingly crude and imperfect in form; it had, in other words, no 'class.'

"So we rehearsed it six times daily for three years more—or a total of 9,000 times—before we exhibited it to the public. Yet in our regular performance its essential parts fill just one-half second, while, including all preliminary motions and gestures, it is completed usually in less than half a minute.

"The trick consists of myself, the leaper, swinging off my platform, high in the top of the tent, with hands gripped on a bar that hangs at the end of two ropes. In midair, I hurtle myself into two somersaults, and, as the latter one is finished, revolve in a pirouette.

"Meanwhile, my brother Charles, the catcher, swinging from his bar on the opposite side of the trapeze, times his movements so that his hands, which are hanging downward, grip mine just as I start to fall.

"THE individual parts of the trick are not difficult for a circus performer; but to synchronize the several elements of the climax perfectly in the short span of half a second is quite difficult.

"Two or three others of our tricks were as difficult to master and are as quickly gone through. We attempted a feat known as 'two pirouettes in the hands' for three years—or more than 5,000 times—and were entirely unsuccessful. So we abandoned it as impossible. After another year, however, we returned to it and perfected it in about 1,800 additional trials and rehearsals.

"Two-fifths of a second is required to accomplish the essentials of that feat, which, including its preliminaries, occupies hardly a minute.

"We start from the same positions as in performing the double somersault and pirouette. I leap from my bar and catch my brother's hands. Charles, of course, is hanging head downward.

"We make a complete swing (about forty-five degrees of a circle) with our hands locked together. When we reach the maximum elevation on our return trip through the air, and are over the center of the net, Charles releases his grip. I perform two pirouettes and catch my brother's hands again, before gravity and the pendulum-like movement of his bar carry him out of reach.

"I have to be quick in the pirouettes, because if I fall more than about eighteen inches before rejoining my brother, the trick fails.

"'The three somersaults'—the last of the trio of principal tricks we happen to be using this season

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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This remarkable invention is built upon an entirely new principle that both *polishes* and *frictions* the original bevel of your blade. It "whips" the bevel with a sliding diagonal stroke that makes your used blade smooth and keen as a new one.

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MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

—is similar to the double somersault and pirouette, except that a somersault replaces the pirouette.

"We have been exhibiting this trick for about twelve years. It was brought out of rehearsal about three years after the double somersault and pirouette, and it required only about two years to perfect, because a great deal of the preliminary work had been done.

"Yet in all the twelve years of its public exhibition we have performed it only 900 times more than its two-year rehearsal called for.

"We have mastered a total of twenty tricks, all of which are timed differently. That is, each of them requires me to go to a slightly different elevation before I leave my bar, and Charles to seize me out of the air at a little different juncture.

"Our act, however, is seldom the same. We follow no routine. I do whatever I please. And the funny thing is that I never have to let my brother know what I'm going to do. We have no signals; we seem to have a sort of mental telepathy. I suppose it's because we have gone over and over the same things so many times we understand each other instinctively. A circus man knows what that means—all the work that's behind it. But the public doesn't.

"Sometimes I think it's better not to have an act too well finished, because it's unquestionably a fact that the more you perfect a really difficult act, the easier it seems. And the public's inclination is to take matters at their face value.

"Look at the rosin-back horse—the horse on which the equestrians perform. His stuff looks simple—just to trot around and around the ring. But he is probably the most highly trained animal in the show. Before he can be used, he has to be taught to make the circuit of the ring always in a certain number of strides; fourteen to sixteen is the average in a forty-two-foot circle.

"His gait must never vary. He must never falter or stop, no matter what happens. If he does, the equestrian, who as likely as not is turning a somersault on his back, will suffer a fall that may easily be fatal. Yet I'll venture that not more than one person in 50,000 who comes to the circus thinks of the rosin-back as a trained animal. Most of them never think of him at all.

"Europe has produced most of the great circus performers because there the facilities for training have always been better. In every town of any size there is a municipal hippodrome, where one circus will play for as long as six weeks, changing its performance frequently.

Showing the Clarke Brothers' grip. The wrappings prevent slipping.

"The apparatus, of course, is kept in place, so that the performers can use it in the mornings. And they have an opportunity to train their children.

"THE American circus, on the other hand, is always on the move. The apparatus is seldom in place before the afternoon performance is virtually ready to begin, and the performers can use it for their own purposes only an hour or so a day—that is, between the afternoon and the night shows."

Neither Ernest nor Charles Clarke has ever been seriously injured in following their hazardous calling—hazardous because it is quite as easy to be killed by a fall into the net, which all trapeze artists use to protect them, as it is to be killed by another kind of a fall.

"I think we have our father to thank for that," Ernest said. "He was a kind but severe man. We never were permitted to try any new trick until we had learned all of its preliminaries to his complete satisfaction. The first thing he taught us was how to fall properly.

"You should fall feet downward, but, at the moment of striking, elevate the feet so as to strike on the back. If that is impossible, you should gather yourself as nearly as possible into a ball, but hold all the muscles loosely. I saw a Japanese killed in Paris not long ago, merely because he failed to ground himself thoroughly in that particular. The fellow missed his catcher's hands, spread-eagled, and broke his neck.

"My father's system was to attempt to learn only a limited number of tricks—say four or five—at one time. We were not permitted to try any trick more than six times in a day. After we had finished that part of our work, we did something else—bending, gymnastics, equestrianism, or juggling; for abroad (we were brought up in England) a circus performer must have more strings to his bow than one.

"A bender is a contortionist, and bending, like gymnastics, juggling, and equestrian work, is valuable on the trapeze. Equestrian work imparts an idea of speed and distance. Juggling quickens the eye—helps a performer to learn to think and act in the shortest possible time. Bending makes the body supple and graceful, while gymnastics, of course, is the very backbone of the business.

"Care is a trapeze performer's life insurance. The net and other apparatus must be inspected daily, and renewed as it gets old. Either Charles or I usually attend to that. We also weave our nets, or have them woven for us by other trapeze performers. The process, in the odd moments that are to be found around a circus, will sometimes require the better part of a season."

THE END

"War Birds" Begins Next Week!

BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Misinterpreted Encore

Alice, aged six, attended her first musical recital, where her older sister, Joan, played a violin solo. As an encore she played the same piece. After the recital, friends congratulated her and told her how wonderfully well she played. Alice spoke up: "Well, I thought she played fine, too, but the audience didn't seem to think so." Her mother, surprised, asked: "Why do you say that?" Alice replied: "Well, they made her go back and play it over again."—A. M. B., Marietta, Ohio.

For His Stomach's Sake

A lad, traveling with his father over a route where meals were precarious, one day was making the most of a good dinner.

"Sonny," his father whispered, "you had better eat enough for tomorrow!"

"Oh, daddy, I haven't had enough for yesterday yet!"—C. C. H., New York, N. Y.

* * *

Some Accomplishment!

One day a teacher asked one of the pupils: "Is there anything you can do better than anyone else?"

"Yes," replied Tommie. "I can read my own writing!"—MRS. MARY SHROAD, Newport, R. I.

* * *

Strutting His Stuff

While at luncheon, our little boy, Bob, had put down his spoon and was boyishly bragging about all the children in the neighborhood he had whipped. After he had finished the tale, he looked from one to the other, picked up his spoon, and, as he resumed eating, said: "I know my stuff."—G. F. D., Las Vegas, Nev.

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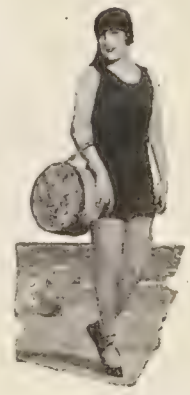

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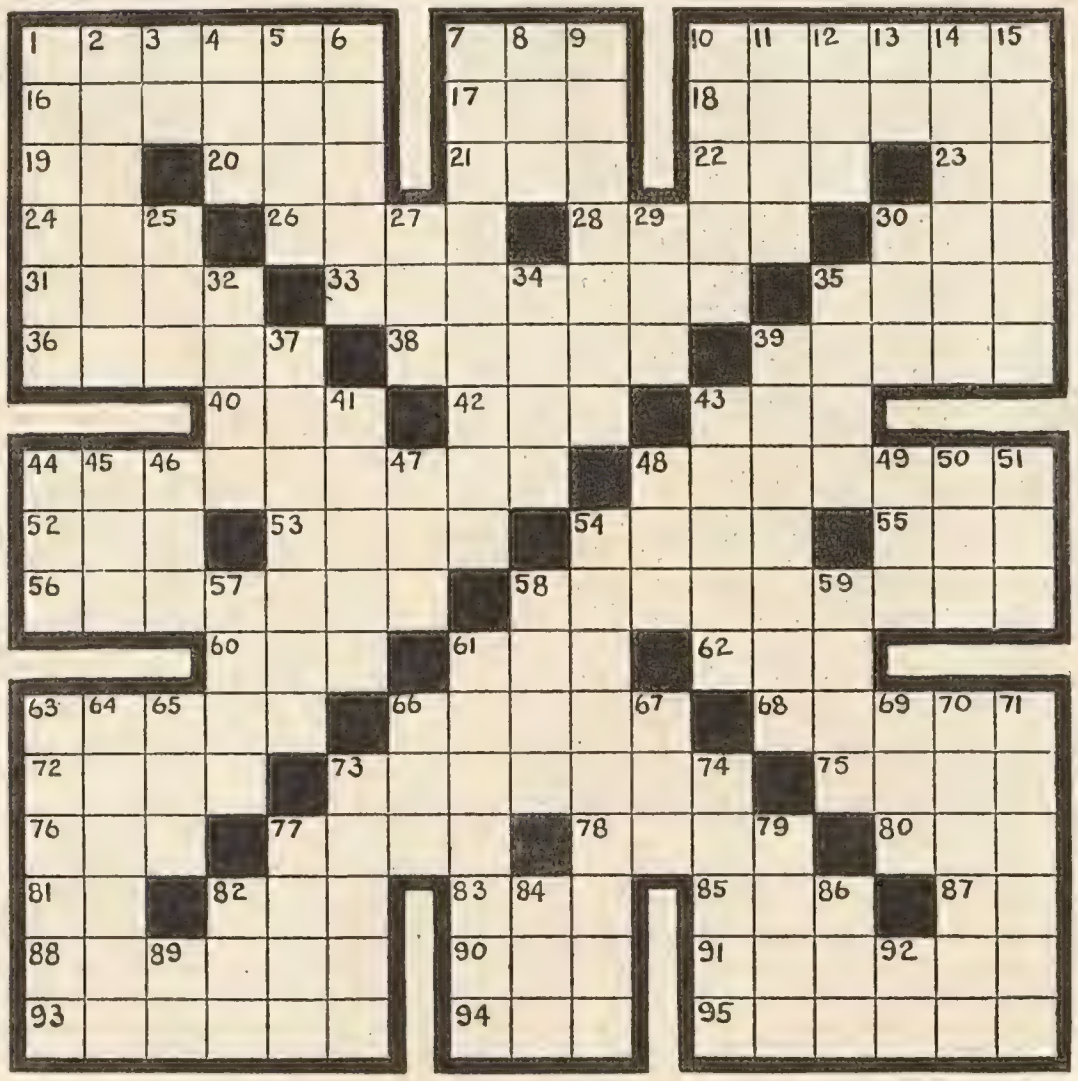
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 79

By JAMES W. WHITE

WHY not have a cross-word puzzle party? It might be "thrown" these warm evenings on a roomy country-house veranda, with the person having the best radio voice reading out the questions. Of course, each contestant should have a copy of the diagram. Or an afternoon tea might be turned into a puzzle party. And there will be plenty of fans present in any gathering of present-day people to make such a party popular. Here's a good one to try on the family:

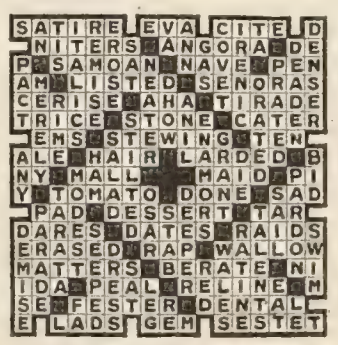


HORIZONTAL

1 Flowers
7 Equality
10 A material frequently used for roofing (plural)
16 Pertaining to the backbone
17 A form of to be
18 Worthy of a hero
19 The initials of a continent
20 To cease to be
21 To strike smartly
22 A cereal grain
23 Perform
24 A feminine proper name
26 Orderly
28 Permission to use
30 A pronoun
31 One of the surfaces of a solid body
33 A three-pronged spear
35 Toward the bow of a ship
36 The falling of particles of water congealed in the air (plural)
38 A commonwealth
39 To clothe
40 Measures of type
42 Anger
43 Compensation for services rendered
44 The act of hiding
48 Nuns
52 God of war and pestilence in Babylonian mythology
53 A fish-eating diving-bird
54 The soft, succulent part of any fruit
55 To court
56 A river in New Jersey
58 Clappers used by Spanish dancers
60 Collection of articles naturally belonging together
61 Because that
62 Hasten
63 Insipid
66 A tooth
68 Peruses
72 A possessive pronoun
73 A sunshade
75 Dreadful
76 The Gem State (abbreviation)
77 Location
78 Particular day in the ancient Roman month
80 One circuit of a running-track
81 A French definite article
82 A suffix denoting one of a party
83 An inebriate
85 Chewed and swallowed
87 A parent
88 A Christian festival
90 A prefix meaning three
91 A sea bird
93 Looks sneakingly into the affairs of others
94 Dry; said of wine
95 A succession of steps

VERTICAL

1 To impose a tax
2 A bone disease of horses
3 A syllable applied to a note of the scale
4 To bring to a conclusion
5 Shower
6 Fine driving icy particles in the air
7 That which divides or separates
8 A constellation
9 Filled to abundance
10 A young hog
11 To incline
12 Craft
13 Toward
14 Large sea ducks
15 Marks with lines, scratches, or notches
25 Commotion
27 Metric measure of area (plural)
29 A cardinal number
30 A garden tool
32 A wide-mouthed jug
34 To repair by weaving
35 To worry
37 Melted and fused, as ore
39 Utter hopelessness
41 The ermine
43 Dirt
44 A baronet's title
45 Period
46 A vehicle
47 An electrified particle
48 The European wild boar
49 A sheep
50 A disease of sheep
51 A signal requesting help
54 Sycophantic
57 An Egyptian goddess
58 Tree from which kola nuts are obtained
59 A requirement
61 Large tracts of land covered with trees
63 A thin dress material (plural)
64 Pertaining to a South American mountain range
65 An edible seed
66 To entangle
67 A measure of length
69 To suffer illness
70 A dealer in cloths
71 Leaves of a calyx
73 Wharves
74 Bounds
77 A pace
79 A proofreader's term meaning restore
82 A former statesman of Japan
84 Native metal
86 A letter of the Greek alphabet
89 Very
92 A Japanese measure of length



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Answer to Puzzle No. 78

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Should Doctors Tell?

Picture by
WALTER DEAN
GOLDBECK

HE has knowledge of a domestic crisis but cannot bring himself to reveal it.

A Question of Law, Medicine, and Public Health

An Article by
HUGH FULLERTON

SHOULD a doctor tell if he has treated the wounds of a bandit on trial for murder?

Should a doctor tell if a suspected man or woman uses narcotics?

Should a doctor tell if he has knowledge that would definitely settle the paternity of a child?

Should a doctor tell if he has knowledge that would give a sinned-against husband or wife a divorce?

To these and other questions involving consultation-room secrets in their relation to justice, public opinion will answer in the affirmative. The medical profession will give an emphatic negative. The doctor is bound by a code of ethics resting upon a pledge written for him 2,400 years ago. It is the Hippocratic Oath.

Many a time a conscientious practitioner will pace his study, grave-faced and worried, with knowledge that he has information of a crime or a domestic crisis. But he cannot bring himself to reveal it, for if he does he violates The Oath.

At commencement time in medical schools, graduates are enjoined to follow the oath. Many schools require graduates to accept its principles.

Yet how many—doctors or laymen—know this oath? It is supposed to have been written by Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, who lived in Greece from 470 to 357 B.C.

There are seventy-two treatises ascribed to him, and The Oath is Number 12. The wording of The Oath is as follows:

"I swear by Apollo, the physician, by Aesculapius, by Hygieia, Panacea, and all the gods and goddesses, that according to my ability and judgment I will keep this oath and stipulation:

"To reckon him who teaches me this art equally dear with my parents; to share my substance with him and to relieve his necessities if required; to look upon his offspring upon the same footing as my own brothers; and to teach them this art if they shall wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation; and that by precept, lecture, and by every other mode of instruction I will impart a knowledge of this art to my own sons, to those of my teachers, and to disciples bound by a stipulation and oath, according to the law of medicine, and to no others.

"I will follow that system of regimen which, according to my best judgment, I consider best for my patients and abstain from whatever is injurious. I will give no deadly medicine to anyone if asked nor suggest any such counsel. Furthermore, I will not give to a woman an instrument to procure abortion. With purity and holiness will I pass my life and practice my art. I will not cut a person who is suffering with stone, but will leave this to be done by those who are practitioners of such work.

"Into whatever houses I enter I will go for the advantage of the sick and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption, and, further, from seduction of females or males, bond or free. Whatever in connection with my professional practice, or not in connection with it, I may see or hear, I will not divulge, holding that all such things should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this oath inviolate, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practice of my art,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ample argument

THE OLD CHINESE proverb says, "One picture is worth ten thousand words." By much the same reasoning... and it is sound reasoning, too... the best argument for Fatima is Fatima. Taste one... for just one taste is worth a bookful of description

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38. Wyoming
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40. New York & Vicinity
41. Chicago & Vicinity
42. New England
43. Maritime Provinces
44. Ontario
45. Montreal & Vicinity
47. WESTERN ATLAS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

respected always by all men; but should I break through and violate this oath, may the reverse be my lot."

Hippocrates was the first man to separate the functions of the doctor of medicine from those of the doctor of divinity, and to make medicine a profession apart from the priesthood. His code, naturally, was resented by the religious leaders and the then current witch doctors, but has withstood efforts to combine the functions of healers ever since.

Even in his day, as the oath shows, the surgeon was given the sole right to operate; and beyond doubt Hippocrates limited the man of medicine to diagnostic work.

Critics of medical ethics claim that the code of the doctor has delayed progress in medicine. They argue that wider publicity would mean more widespread knowledge, less quackery, and more rapid advancement in the science. The great majority, however, insist upon strict observance of the ethics.

THE portion of the oath most discussed is the pledge never to reveal secrets learned from patients. The attitude of the law toward the men obeying the Hippocratic Oath in this respect has varied widely.

Some physicians have refused to divulge secrets of their consultation-room even to the point of protecting murderers.

How far the courts may compel a physician to reveal what he learns from his patients always has been a vexed question. In England the courts hold the confidence to physicians much more sacred than we do, almost granting them the same status as is given priests and lawyers.

In the United States the point is vaguely uncertain, and varies in different States. In most places it is impossible for the court to compel a doctor to tell anything he regards as confidential information. He can fall back upon his constitutional privileges and refuse to answer.

Numerous legal fights have been made in which doctors have refused to testify that the patient had tuberculosis, and health departments have insisted upon reports, arguing that the protection of the public is more important than the secret of the patient.

There was a peculiar development in regard to the confidential feature of the Hippocratic Oath in New York State recently. For generations lawyers, the police, and the doctors have believed that the State law compelled a physician to notify the police of cases in which men suffering from wounds of a suspicious nature came to them for treatment.

So general was this belief that it was accepted as fact until a case arose bearing on the point, and it was discovered that no existing law applied to the situation. The Legislature then enacted a law compelling doctors to notify the police in such cases.

THE END

"War Birds" Begins Next Week!

Gray Hair

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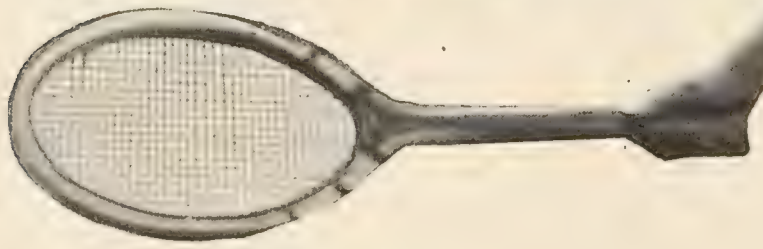

The Greatest French Net Star Talks About the Effect of Alcohol on Her Game

An Article by

SUZANNE LENGLEN

SOME time ago a very young and earnest young American journalist was sent by his paper to interview my father. He was a very thorough young man, and in the hour that my father accorded him he asked almost every conceivable question concerning my life and habits, which my father, through long years of experience in this field, answered with almost machine-like regularity. Finally, as the interview drew to a close, he thought of something new—and bold.

"Mr. Lenglen," he asked, "is it true that Suzanne drinks?"

"Of course," answered my father, a trifle exasperated; "and she also eats."

"But I mean wine," stammered the reporter.

"Naturally," said my father; "what else could you mean?"

The finer sensibilities of our earnest young friend were undoubtedly shocked, yet what my father had told him was very true. Ever since I can remember I have been drinking liquors that contain more or less alcohol, and I can in all truthfulness say that neither I nor my tennis is any the worse off for it.

Some three years ago, when my excess avoirdupois began to bother me, and I put myself on a diet, I tried to cut out wine with my meals; but my game fell off so badly that I put the wine back and dropped my dessert instead.

I have no quarrel with the great men of science, the learned investigators, who have by means of experiment and statistics proved the deleterious effects of alcohol beyond the shadow of a doubt.

It may be true that a guinea pig when fed on alcohol completely forgets his multiplication tables, but, guinea pigs and scientists to the contrary notwithstanding, I like a little wine with my meals.

I occasionally indulge in a cordial, and I have found that a little cold French champagne when added to a hot American fox trot makes a most compatible mixture. All this may be bad for a guinea pig, but it has never hurt me a bit.

Naturally I realize that drinking to excess is unhealthy. So is eating—or working, or playing, or anything else that one indulges in beyond a reasonable point. I abhor drunkenness. I cannot see the necessity for it, and I can safely say that the vast majority of my countrymen, living as they do in a country where there is practically no restriction on the sale of alcoholic liquor, are very temperate. Nevertheless, they all drink a little.

Our athletes, men and women, feel much the same way about it as I do. The reasonable amount of alcohol that they consume has done nothing to impair their athletic standing.

THIS year France sent a team of three young, healthy, wine-drinking Frenchmen to America, and they came back with the American Indoor Tennis Championship, finishing first, second, and third. The only complaint that they could make against America was that they were unable to find any (good) wine.

Last February I encountered the American champion, Miss Helen Wills, in the tournament of the Carlton Club at Cannes. The night before the match I was ill and did not sleep a wink. Miss Wills played splendid tennis and the strain of the pace she set was too much for my weakened physical condition.

There were several occasions during this hard-fought match when I thought I should not be able to last the match out. I am sure that what helped as much as anything else to save the day for me and bring me the victory was the little bottle of cognac that my mother had brought along for emergency.

For many years the American tennis players have held and valiantly defended that most coveted of tennis trophies, the Davis Cup. We French have looked upon it with longing eyes. Slowly but steadily our Davis Cup Team has been making progress in the challenge rounds, until last year we won the challenge round by defeating the Australian team.

The Americans beat us in the finals, but the score left us not without hope. This year we hope to meet the Americans again in the finals and though I dare not say that we will bring the cup to France, I may suggest that we are dusting off a spot on our trophy shelf exactly the size of the Davis Cup.

And if Dame Fortune smiles on us and our boys bring back with them the cup to occupy this dusted and vacant spot, do you know what we will do with it? We will fill it brimful of champagne worthy of this splendid trophy and we will drink to the health of the team that lost it. And I am sure that the champagne, on this particular occasion at least, far from hurting us, will do us an enormous amount of good. Amen.

THE END

Next Week: "War Birds." Don't miss it!

P. & A. photo

The incomparable Suzanne playing a match in characteristic Lenglen fashion during her recent visit to Rome, Italy.

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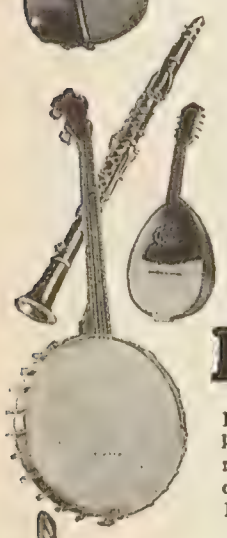

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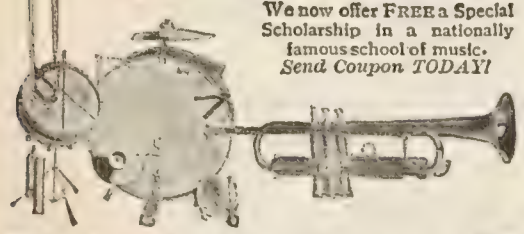

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Day and Night Rouge

Is it necessary to use a different rouge for day and night? Also, my nostrils are too wide. Is there anything I can do to make them appear less so?

DUMAN, New York.

Time, place, and lighting have to be considered in relation to make-up. The particular woman considers one make-up for the bright light of daytime, another for the softened light of an afternoon affair, and a vivid rouge for the sparkling lights of the evening. If you will put a dab of color at the base of the nose, upon either side, the impression is gained of a slight reduction in the width of the nostrils.

White Spots on Face

I have little hard white spots all over my face. When I sterilize a needle and attempt to remove them, I find them to be round, hard, tiny balls. They cannot be squeezed out. What makes them and what can I do to get rid of them?

MRS. A. C., Florida.

The concretions described are often seen on the upper part of the cheeks around the eyes. They are small collections of sebaceous matter caught under the horny epidermis and dried into hard masses. They are like blackheads, except they are protected from surface dirt, which leaves them white. To remove them easily, apply hot towels to the affected area before using the needle. Remove only those that come out with light pressure, and only a few at a time, as you do with blackheads. Wipe off with alcohol or a solution of hydrogen peroxide.

Oily Blonde Hair

What is a good way to shampoo light hair without harming it? I use a lemon rinse, but it seems to make my hair terribly oily.

VIOLA, Calif.

The hair would be oily in spite of the lemon rinse—not because of it. Lemon juice could not make the hair oily. Excessive oiliness is due to an exaggerated secretion of fat in the sebaceous glands in the scalp. This may be excited by disturbances of the general health and require constitutional treatment. Light hair given to oiliness can stand washing every week. If it is dried thoroughly, only good can accrue from the frequent shampooing. A tonic with an alcohol base may be used advantageously, as the alcohol has a drying effect.

X-Rays Best for Acne

Do you advise peeling treatments in cases of acne? A friend advises me to have my face peeled, claiming it will be cleared up after the operation.

BENA, Balboa Heights, C. Z.

There seems to be a marked difference of opinion about the peeling treatments for acne. Physicians who treat the skin rarely use them. X-ray treatments are considered best. But only a good skin specialist should be intrusted with the work. Some of the peeling lotions are made with acids, and good sense would dictate the inadvisability of using them on an acne skin. The ultra-violet ray in conjunction with X-ray is used sometimes for the peeling, and this, when done by a good skin specialist, should result satisfactorily.

Age and Colors

Do you think women of fifty look better in black than in anything else? I am not a heavy woman and I detest black, but my family believes, because I am the "mater," I should never appear in color.

MATER HERSELF.

The family has an idea that black spells dignity. And so it does. It is slenderizing, too. But unrelieved black is most trying to one if the skin is sallow or faded. The right color might transform the same woman into something quite lovely. To some people black is depressing, in which case it should be avoided, regardless of what fashion or family dictates. The spirit the dress envelops is important. Today, the woman who loves color can indulge her fancy in any number of shades that are certainly not undignified.

Smoothing Rough Skin

I have a peculiar skin trouble on my upper arms. It does not cause annoyance or pain, but is in the nature of coarseness. The pores of the skin on the outer portion of the upper arm have tiny bumps, almost microscopic, and seem to be the result of hair-root disturbance.

MISS B. L., Wheeling, W. Va.

Poor circulation causes the skin disturbance, and carelessness in drying the outside part of the arm. To remedy the condition, scrub the parts with soap and water and friction, and run cold water over them. Follow with brisk rubbing with a coarse bath towel. The general circulation needs, of course, to be built up with exercise to prevent further trouble.

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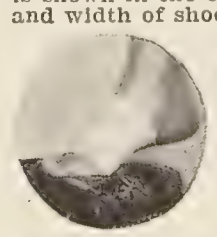

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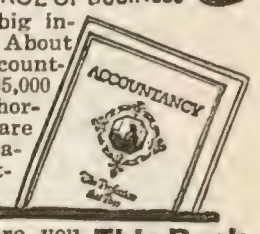

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Am I *the* Victim *of* Office Politics?

What Happened to a Mugwump

An Article by
BRUCE BRAY

Picture by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

I HAVE been with the corporation that employs me, and in the same office, for five years. I came here with fine recommendations, and with the understanding that if I demonstrated my worth I would be advanced in position and in salary.

At the end of six months I was promoted. At the end of the first year I was again advanced. Since then I have stood still.

All this time, with vacancies occurring, with opportunities to advance presenting themselves frequently, I have been conscious that something was wrong; that something—some person or some force—was blocking my way.

There has been, as far as I know, no active opposition to me or criticism of my work. If I have enemies in the organization, they are unknown. Yet I have almost reached the conclusion that I am the victim of office politics.

I left my last position because of politics in the office, and a rather unpleasant situation. McPhail (which, of course, is not his name), the office manager, held his position more by politics than by merit. He was jealous, watchful, and quick to exert his power if he felt that anyone in the office was ambitious enough, or able enough, to take his job from him. The result was that the mediocre fellows found a safe refuge under him and received a little more pay than they would have received elsewhere. Naturally, they formed the bulk of his organization and gave him strong backing.

All the office gossip comes to my desk.

The good men dared not let any ambition show in their work, or McPhail found a reason for letting them out.

I managed for a long time to avoid any clash with McPhail. I had just been married and needed the job. For some time it seemed I was one of McPhail's favorites, and on several occasions he took me out to lunch or dinner and made half promises of promotion; trying to enlist me as one of his backers. I pretended to be grateful, but realized that if I agreed always to remain in a minor position, any advance was restricted unless McPhail also was advanced.

It happened that there was a position open in another department. I was considering applying for transfer, and, unthinkingly, spoke to McPhail about it. The day before I had been called into the inner office, and, after making a report to the general manager, we had talked of the work generally, and he had asked, more or less casually, how I liked my job. I had replied that I liked it, but would be glad of a chance to get into the other department with a chance to work up.

When I spoke of this to McPhail, he flew into a rage and accused me of playing office politics, of criticizing his department, and of trying to get a promotion at his expense.

I explained, of course, that I had no such desire and that mentioning the subject to the general manager had been only an incident. However, a condition was created which made it impossible for me to remain long with the company. McPhail at every opportunity sought to give me tasks that were practically impossible of accomplishment.

I might have complained to the general manager, but I still clung to the idea that it was wrong to go over the head of my immediate boss. However, after nearly a year of that impossible situation, I was offered my present position, and resigned.

At first, in the new job, I saw no signs of any cliques or office politics, and was glad, not realizing that it was merely because the game was being played more adroitly. Everyone appeared to welcome me. The assistant manager was cordial, invited me to lunch, took me to his home, and went out of his way to help me get settled in the new job. The general manager called me in and talked of my

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

great opportunities and of the necessity of loyal co-operation in the working force. The owner, who was active at the head of the corporation, was friendly.

At the end of six months I was given a substantial raise and promoted to more important work by the assistant manager.

Six months later the general manager, toward whom I had felt warmly, called me in and promoted me again, explaining that he was doing it on his own initiative and that the assistant manager knew nothing about it.

I told my wife that evening that I was sitting pretty, with both sides in the office trying to enlist me under their banners, and that I was resolved to keep clear of any entangling alliances.

From that time until the present I have made no progress. I have tried to be friendly with both these silently working factions and to maintain neutrality. As a result, the assistant manager thinks I am on the side of the general manager and the latter is certain I am helping the assistant to undermine the higher official.

I HAVE been in hot water a score of times through no fault of my own. Being neutral, or trying to be, both sides tell me things, and it seems that all the office gossip comes to my desk. I know of no way to combat whisperings that cannot be traced. For instance, someone stops at my desk and tells me a bit of office gossip. Perhaps I may mention it innocently to someone else. A day or two later I stand charged with saying certain things entirely different from what I did say.

The way of a neutral is hard in office politics.

At times I am almost ready to go into the game myself, line up with the stronger faction, and stick to it.

The leaders of both the parties in our present organization are clever men—too clever to play politics openly or to do anything overt. I have a suspicion that both sides are using me to further their own ends. This has placed me in an awkward position. If one side confided something to me and the other side discovered it, I was under suspicion of having betrayed the confidence. If the secret plans of one side went wrong, I was under suspicion. This happened twice, in matters of which I was entirely ignorant at the time.

The time I might have taken advantage of the situation and used it for my own purposes passed when both factions, feeding on their own suspicions, began to shun me.

The question is: Am I the victim of office politics?

Would it not have been better for me, upon learning the conditions, to have allied myself with one or the other faction and played the game as they played it? Does office politics ever pay?

I want to know, because my future in business depends upon it.

THE END

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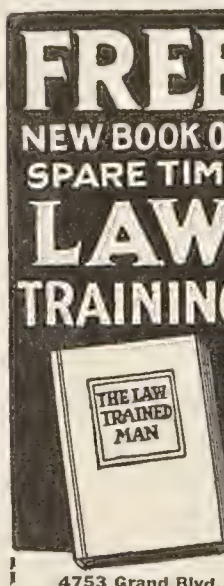

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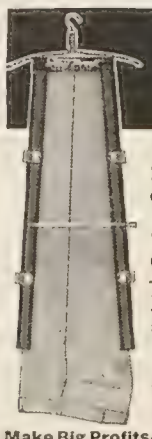

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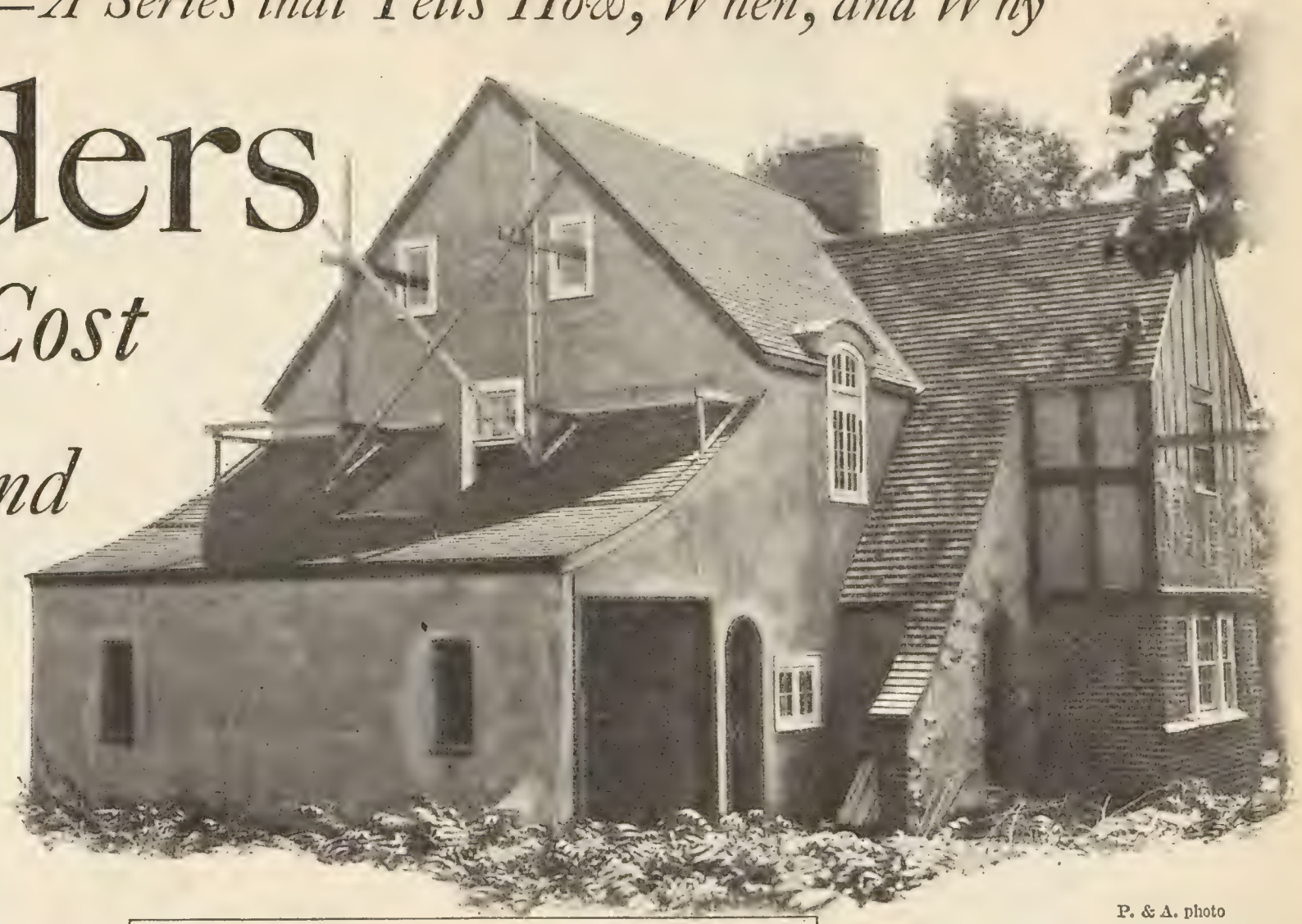
(Third Report)

By

Henry G. Jefferson



P. & A. photo

The Jefferson home nearly completed.

BEING an architect, I had hoped to avoid most of the ills common to house-building, but instead I have had more troubles than the average builder. Probably an architect neglects his own house to give more attention to those he builds for others.

I was off the job, watching work for clients, and it seemed as if every time my back was turned something happened to my own home. I even neglected the financing of the house, being busy elsewhere. Work was delayed, pending a belated payment.

I learned two valuable lessons: first, don't take for granted that you can get real money on a loan at any minute; second, delays are not always as serious as they may seem. The delay, in my case, came at a time when it was more valuable, perhaps, than a couple of weeks' time would have been.

During the delay the house has dried out perfectly. Had I had the money to pay promptly, I never should have been able to hold back the contractor long enough for the plaster to dry thoroughly. Now I have no fears of my trim swelling or buckling because of damp walls. That, at least, pays for the delay.

As it will look when finished.

Things are shooting ahead now, and the work of setting the door jambs and installing the exterior doors, which were delayed at the mill, due to their special design, is beginning to make our place loom up as one of the best looking houses on the hill.

The tile work in the bathrooms is being set, plumbing fixtures installed, and as soon as the finished floors are laid the trimming out will move at a fast clip, and it will be no time now before we are calling up the moving man.

I mentioned the paved stone walk leading to the entrance doorway. But I failed to mention the door itself, with its quaint brick jambs, circular head, antique planks, and bottle-glass light. Overhead we have placed an old hand-wrought metal lantern, operated from a vestibule switch.

Entering, one steps into a small vestibule, with inlaid linoleum simulating black and white tile blocks, having a small black border. The coat closet opens off the left and will have the usual clothes rod and small shelf.

The inner vestibule door is planked on both sides, and glazed with a leaded glass insert. It leads into the living-room, there being no entrance hall, an economy in the small home. The living-room is striking in layout as well as treatment, and I am thrilling to the thought of the many happy hours we shall spend in it on cold wintry nights, with the fire blazing away, a book and a pipe near for me and a work basket at hand for the wife; the while the kiddie is safely tucked in his crib.

Every time I visit the house I get a kick out of that living-room. It has a beamed ceiling that's real, not fake. We got this result by exposing the second-story beams, but not before increasing them in size. The knots, a couple of which are already loose, add to its quaintness as a ceiling motif. Between the beams, and laid on top, is an insulating material. This will be painted, and its rough pitted surface will harmonize and act as a sound-deadener.

The walls are sand-finished, as are also the principal downstairs rooms and stair hall. A dull gray tone effect is obtained by leaving it natural. Age will soften it, and the trowel marks add to its charm. The fireplace will be faced simply with "lammie" (reburned)

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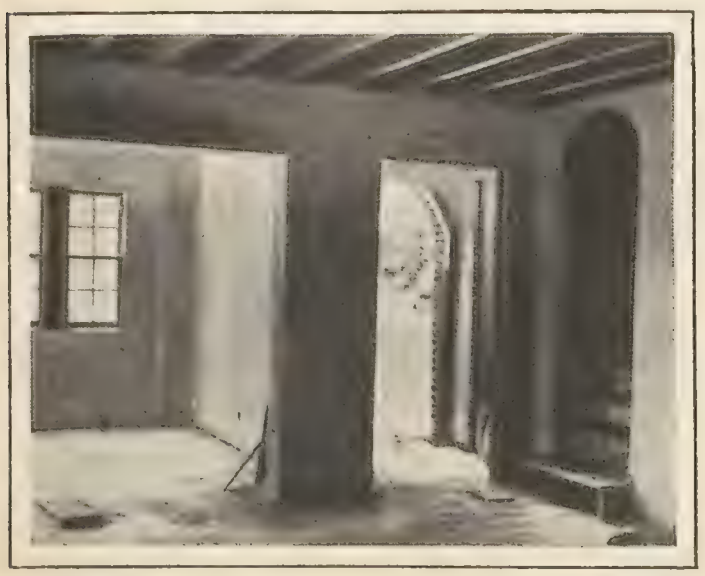


P. & A. photo

Showing simple lines of interior.

Sketch of sun room, vestibule, and stairs.

The Telephone and the Farm

THERE was not a farmer in the world fifty years ago who could talk even to his nearest neighbor by telephone. Not one who could telephone to the doctor in case of sickness or accident. Not one who could telephone for the weather report or call the city for the latest quotations on his crops. Not one who could sell what he raised or buy what he needed by telephone. A neighborly chat over the wire was an impossibility for the farmer's wife or children.

In this country the telephone has transformed the life of the farm.

It has banished the loneliness which in the past so discouraged the rural population and drove many from the large and solitary areas of farms and ranches.

It is a farm hand who stays on the job and is ready to work twenty-four hours every day.

The telephone has become the farmer's watchman in times of emergency.

It outruns the fastest forest or prairie fires and warns of their approach. It has saved rural communities from untold loss of lives and property by giving ample notice of devastating floods. Three million telephones are now in service on the farms, ranches and plantations of the United States.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

Takes carbon from car in 5 minutes

Universal Carbon Remover takes Carbon out of the car immediately, saving a mechanics bill of $4.50 to $7.50. It does not go into the gas, and is guaranteed not to harm the finest motor or carburetor. Order now and have a clean, singing motor in 5 minutes. Do not send stamps. Postage prepaid to any point in U. S.

50 A CAN

Jobbers and Dealers Wanted

UNIVERSAL MANUFACTURING CO., 2154 K. St. N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

"STAMMERING Its Cause and Cure"

You can be quickly cured if you stammer. Send 10 cents, coin or stamps, for 288 page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stuttering. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering and Stuttering for 20 years.

BENJAMIN N. BOGUE
10907 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis.

$12 A DAY TO AGENTS —We Show You How!

Even beginners make big money with our beautiful dress goods, silks and wash fabrics. Sell on sight. No capital or experience needed. Write for Sample Book and complete selling instructions.

THE NATIONAL IMPORTING COMPANY
Dept. H-56, 573 Broadway, N. Y. C.

1000 Samples Furnished

$10 A DAY EASY

McDonald made $58 in one week! Hampton made $7.65 in 4 hours—just wearing this beautiful Hand-Tailored Taylor Cap.

FREE CAP FOR YOU. I want to give you a FREE cap. Your friends will be delighted with its class, style and fit and you will make a generous profit taking their orders. Finest materials and workmanship. Choice of 4 styles and 20 fine waterproof fabrics. Send your name right away for details Write at once. J. W. Taylor, Pres., Taylor Cap Manufacturers, Dept. K-117, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BIG PROFITS

$50-$100 weekly profit selling our distinctive line of Personal Christmas Cards. Beautiful and exclusive engraved designs. Moderate prices. Everyone a prospect. Selling outfit free. *Write today.*

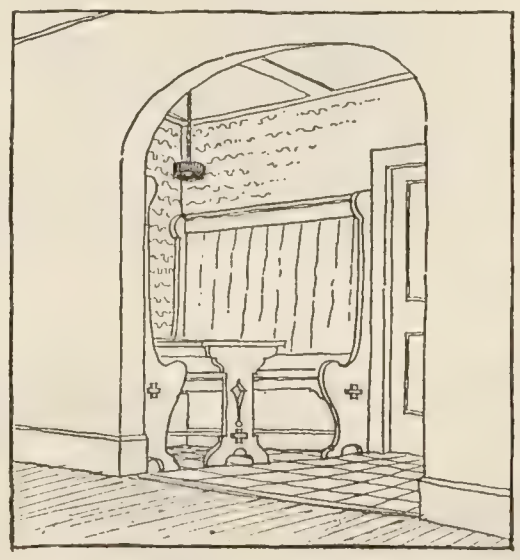
WETMORE, JANES & SUGDEN, Inc.
5 Commercial St. Rochester, N. Y.

[OWN YOUR HOME Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

brick laid quoin fashion. A firebrick opening, and semicircular stone-paved front hearth finish the effect. We shall have no mantelshelf, since the bare wall space is more to be valued.

Bookcases flank the fireplace on each side. The lower portions are cane-grilled and hide the radiators from view, the shelves extending to the window sills. Casement windows opening out on the porch provide light and ventilation. The trim will be small membered and simple. The floor will be brown stained and wax finished.

The living-room side of the vestibule door will be ornamented with hand-wrought strap hinges. These will be ornate, not simple, as are the exterior door straps. The winding stair seen through



Sketch of breakfast nook.

the plastered arch at the side of this door heightens the effect.

The sun porch in front of the living-room, separated from it by a wide, flat, plastered arch, with its flower shelf for a window sill, brings the out-of-doors inside the home. The shelf is placed here because we didn't want window boxes on the outside to spatter mud over the window panes every time it rained. The floor, walls, and trim are finished similarly to the living-room.

THE dining-room is large and well lighted. French doors lead from it to the stone-paved porch on the south end of the house.

"Get up—breakfast is ready!" will have no terrors to the man whose morning meal is served across the little enameled table in the breakfast nook. The built-in seats with high backs, surmounted by Dutch shelves, add to the lure of this room.

When the linoleum floor is kept neat and clean, the little china closet full of dishes below the window, the walls papered as we intend to paper them, and the stenciled trim around the door jamb and arch done to taste, this room will be the pride of the housewife.

Work is twice as pleasant to the cook if the kitchen hasn't been neglected. We've provided for all needs of the average size house. There is a double drainboard sink, flanked on each side with dressers, glazed in the upper part, and provided with drawers and cupboards

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Stenographer Earned $1000.00 During Lunch Hours

Selling Xmas Cards

Esther McCall, Ark., earned $59 first day—Mary Kline, Pa., earned $164 in four days—W. C. Allen, O., earned $1000 spare time showing our Exclusive Advance Line of Greeting Cards.

Housewife Earned $1375.00 Afternoon Evenings

Selling Greeting Cards

Mrs. E. L. Tate, Mich., earned $90.75 one evening—C. L. Lee, O., earned $52.50 two hours—Dorothy Quinn, Ga., earned $1000 during spare time.

Bookkeeper Earned $1200.00 After Office Hours

Selling Hertel's Cards

H. J. Knopke, Wis., earned $62 in one hour—Mrs. R. Kendrick, Tex., earned $61.50 in 1½ hours—M. C. Kaege, Ill., earned $1200 spare time showing our year ahead line of

Personal Xmas Greeting Cards

that sell on sight. No selling experience necessary. Double your income—earn $5.00 to $10.00 every hour you can spare.

Weekly pay checks. Bonus checks every month
No money required. We furnish everything

$10 Outfit Free Write quick! Start at once making big money. Rush season right at hand.

THE JOHN A. HERTEL CO.
318 W. Washington St., Dept. 9000, Chicago, Ill.

ARZEN FOR Hay Fever Relief

Arzen benefits for Hay Fever are twofold. First, there is immediate relief during the attack. Clears nasal passages at once. Soothing. Comfortable.

Secondly Arzen serves a still better purpose. The daily use of Arzen throughout the attack renders the nasal membrane highly resistive to pollen irritation. Sets up a freedom from discomfort.

Arzen is not a hay fever cure. It provides, however, so great a measure of relief that it is regarded as a boon. If possible, use ARZEN daily before the anticipated attack. This preparatory use adds to the benefits.

Arzen is placed in the nostrils with a provided medicine dropper. Unexcelled also for insect bites, sunburn, summer colds.

If your druggists cannot supply you, a package will be mailed on receipt of 50 cents.

Please mention your dealer's name.

ARZEN LABORATORIES, Inc.
21 Arzen Building
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50¢

"Ride Air Men Net $8.75 an hour EASY"

Get this "Sells on Sight" Auto Necessity, and see how easy you can pocket $8.75 an hour net profit! Autoists everywhere claim "Ride Airs" beat any $50 to $300 Shock Absorber made. Fords equipped at $2.50, other cars up to $8.00, and you make

So Can You PROFIT

Proof **233⅓%**

Sales Made in 5 Minutes—
Eliminates All Spring Lubrication

Guaranteed to stop all spring squeaks and rattles. Makes any car, new or old, ride 100% better!

Over 1,000,000 Sold in California

alone. Guaranteed 100,000 miles. Every car needs "Ride Airs." Provides longer life for spring and takes all shocks out of the roughest road!

Sample Gladly Sent FREE

to live wire "Go-Getters." Examine this remarkable invention and you'll grab up its sale at once! (None sent to children.)

WRITE TODAY for full details of agent's plan. $7.50 starts you and nets $17.50 profit. Exclusive territory granted. Address C. F. Hamilton, Sales Mgr. Desk C, 540 W. 27th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Skin Troubles

Cleared up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.

E. S. GIVENS, 478 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

below a broad counter shelf. At the side of each dresser is a cupboard extending to the ceiling, one for mop and brooms, the other for vacuum cleaner and dust cloths. At the bottom of each is a drawer for brushes, cans, etc. The space below the dresser nearer the window is filled with an icebox.

An ironing board is provided in the wall at the end of the room, between the entry and living-room

Fireplace in living-room.

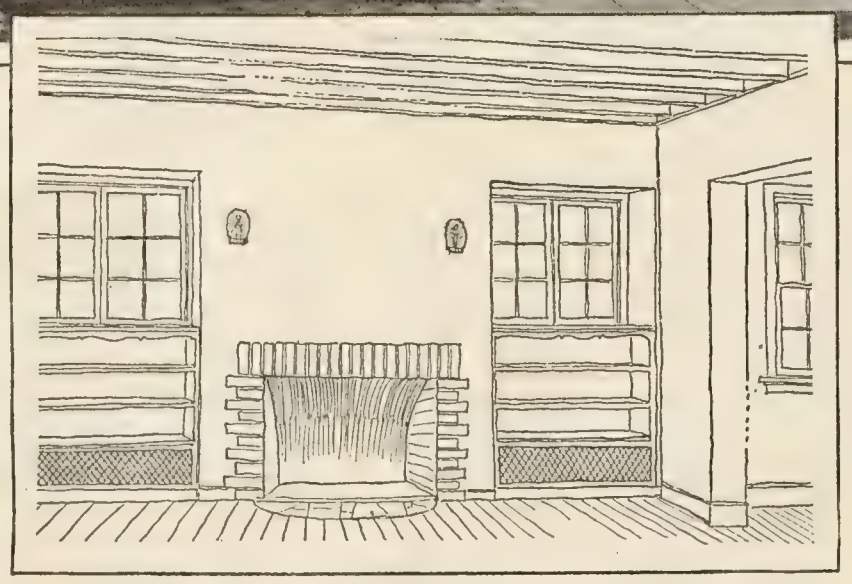
doors. The gas range, on the fireless cooker principle—we've selected this type because it means economy—is next to the breakfast-room door, the wall behind being tiled to the ceiling, and the heat escaping through a vent-pipe in the wall. The floor is finished with linoleum glued to the underfloor.

Leaded casements open on the front of the house. A sort of entrance, open to the street, yet sheltered, leads from this to the stepping-stones to the front sidewalk; while the inner garage door leads off this at the inner end, making the garage handy to enter without going outside.

The second floor of the house is entered from the winding stairs, and contains three master's chambers and two baths, together with a closet for each of the lesser rooms and two for the owner's. From the general bath, a large linen closet occupies the space between the stairs and the side of the house.

We are going to case in the rear half of this closet to a height of four feet. The bottom will contain a deep drawer, lined with cedar for blanket storage. Two lesser drawers side by side will be set directly above this, and the space between that and the top of the case will be filled with a graduated nest of sliding trays such as are in chifforobes, some of the trays being divided. Above the case, to a depth of twenty inches, cupboards will be built to the ceiling. The ceiling has a small electric bulb.

Both bathrooms will be tile-wainscoted to a height of four feet, except at the tubs, where the wainscot will be carried to a height of seven feet. Both rooms will have built-in baths, pedestal lavatories, and siphon-jet bowls. The owner's bath will have an overhead shower directly over the bath, screened by a canvas curtain.



Sketch of fireplace by the architect.

THE owner's room and bath are en suite, with a closet on each side of the bath. Each closet will contain ample shelving, a clothes rod, a hat compartment near the ceiling, and a shoe-shelf near the floor.

The guest's room, entered from the rear of the hall, contains all the essential furniture space—my wife saw to that—and has a good closet and good light and cross-ventilation.

The electric lights are set on an outside wall, as in all the rooms, a placement that will throw shadows into the room and not on the curtains.

In the baby's room we shall have a chest with a hinged lid or cover set in the lower part of the closet to pile away his continually mounting collection of toys. And we were thinking of having a wainscot of jig-sawed alphabet letters and numerals, done in different colors.

A further item of interest is a painted frieze at the ceiling, made up of silhouettes from nursery rhymes.

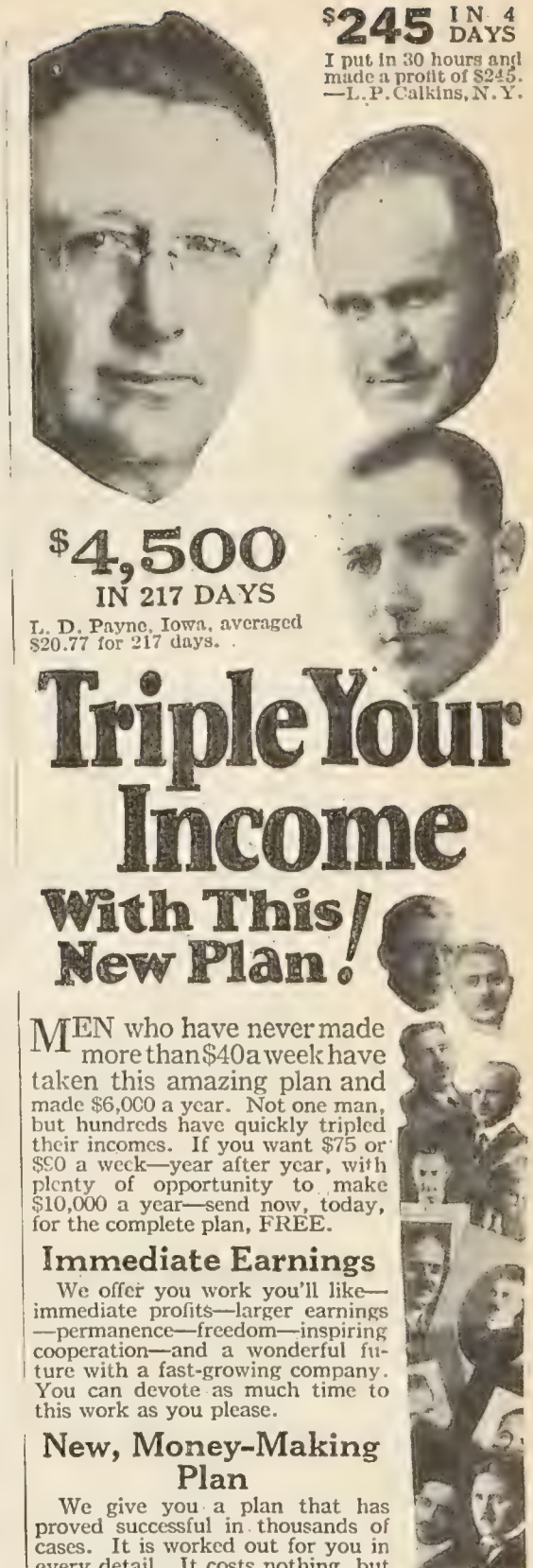
The entire second-floor painting of trim work is finished in enamel; the floors are oak, stained dark brown and waxed; and the walls will be papered and painted.

The maid's room and the billiard-room on the third floor are walled and ceiled with insulating lumber.

We are nearing completion now, and seeing the dream home bloom into reality.

Next week LIBERTY will present the third report of progress on the Ward home in Kansas City, now approaching completion. A week later details from the Davis home in Milwaukee will be published, and the following week will bring the third article about the Visk house in Spokane. Four weeks from today the fourth report from the Bronxville home, complete, it is hoped, will appear.

[SEE NEXT PAGE]



$245 IN 4 DAYS
I put in 30 hours and made a profit of $245.
—L. P. Calkins, N. Y.

$4,500 IN 217 DAYS
L. D. Payne, Iowa, averaged $20.77 for 217 days.

Triple Your Income With This New Plan!

MEN who have never made more than $40 a week have taken this amazing plan and made $6,000 a year. Not one man, but hundreds have quickly tripled their incomes. If you want $75 or $90 a week—year after year, with plenty of opportunity to make $10,000 a year—send now, today, for the complete plan, FREE.

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We offer you work you'll like—immediate profits—larger earnings—permanence—freedom—inspiring cooperation—and a wonderful future with a fast-growing company. You can devote as much time to this work as you please.

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We give you a plan that has proved successful in thousands of cases. It is worked out for you in every detail. It costs nothing, but it may be worth hundreds and thousands of dollars to you. Just look at these records: J. W. Trantum, Conn., has already made as high as $167.25 a week, and he is just getting started. T. S. Gill, La., has already earned $600 in one month. DePries, $7,000 in one year. George, $10,000 a year. Hickey, Ont., made $148 in a single day. These are just a few of hundreds of cases.

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Ours is the largest company of its kind in the world, with sales over $2,000,000 a year. We make portable fire fighting equipment for every type of building—approved by the Underwriters Laboratories. Fyr-Fyter is the most perfect fire-killing device ever invented. It shoots hundreds of quarts of vapor from one quart of liquid.

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Millions want this protection. Only 5% of the market has been supplied. Everybody needs it—practically every factory, office, home, farm, store, institution, etc.—thousands in your own neighborhood. Fyr-Fyters cost but a few dollars—they sell fast. Just a few sales will make you $17 a day. And quantity sales will often pay you $30 to $50 a day.

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Don't miss this lifetime opportunity. Send now for the full plan. It may be the turning point of your life. It may mean $5,000 to you the first year, as it has for many others. It costs nothing to mail the coupon. Do it now.

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Beauty Spots in Homes

Often Sacrifice Utility

LIBERTY Readers Give and Take Advice on House-Building

Beware the Dream House

EDITOR, HOME PAGE: If only we home-owners could know what we want! There are hundreds who, like myself, learn by bitter disappointment that certain features may be beautiful in other people's homes but may mean years of weariness in our own.

Little casement windows above the sink——

Alas! When they opened inward they were in my way and played havoc with curtains; when they opened outward I had to raise a screen to get at them. French windows in my room proved anything but wonderful when I was forever fighting drafts on account of baby. French doors in the playroom were a heavy glass expense and a continual danger to crawling babies. Steps down to the living-room were traps for grandmother's uncertain feet.

An extra toilet in the basement that I allowed my husband to omit proved a continual regret. What steps it would have saved on laundry days, what garden tracks, what garage dust it would have prevented! A double sink was thought a luxury by my husband. Little did he think what it could be to me with the mess of dishes that accumulate with a big family and what a step-saver in preparing meals.

Consider not the dream house of thy neighbor.

MRS. F. SCHMALL, Jefferson Park, Chicago.

In the Grip of a Mortgage

EDITOR, HOME PAGE: After paying $750 down, we had a contractor build us a home worth about $4,000. After paying $1,500 I found it necessary to mortgage the house, due to illness and lack of work, and I am unable to make payments on the house. The man who holds the mortgage refuses to wait longer for his money, and we are behind in payments. What can we do to protect our $1,500? Is it possible for the mortgage man to get our interest in the property?

H. FLETCHER, Toledo, Ohio.

It is not only possible, but quite probable, that he will get the property unless you act quickly. He may sell you out for a price to cover his investment, and leave nothing for you. It is possible he may sell to himself at exactly what he has in it. Better consult a local banker. He usually wants to help the small home-owner, who is the backbone of his business. He may know local conditions and advise you as to a way out.

Look Before You Leap

EDITOR, HOME PAGE: There exists in each city a group of house contractors operating on the deferred-payment plan. This appeals to the moderate wage earner who has saved enough to pay for the lot, but whose finances are such that he cannot hope to become a home-owner for some time. I fell.

With the exception of $200 in a savings account, the $900 I invested in a lot 40 by 84 was the result of three years' saving. The contractor furnished plans and specifications—I mistakenly thought—without charge. My ignorance of building was just what he figured on.

During construction I discovered several important items omitted. No basement floor drain. This cost me sixty dollars. These mistakes were rectified and charged to me as "extras." The day the house was completed I received an itemized statement—"Extras, $1,080." Added to the contract price of $3,260, it meant that my modest little home cost $4,340, not counting the $900 lot.

After making the first payment, I found that the very least I was forced to pay the contractor, together with interest and taxes, was $871.46 annually. This did not include insurance or repairs.

LIBERTY wants its readers to aid each other in home-buildiing. The story of your experience may help others. To encourage this, LIBERTY invites you to tell the story of your home and how it was planned and built. For each story and helpful inquiry printed we will pay $25. Questions will be answered by the Home Owners' Service Institute, Inc. Address Liberty Home Owners' Bureau, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

I endeavored to have the payments decreased and the period of time increased. The contractor notified me I would have to live up to the terms. My lawyers said there was no escape. The only way out was to relinquish all claims on the property. My experience cost me something over $1,000.

J. L. RUSSELL, Omaha, Neb.

Tall Trees Not So Good

EDITOR, HOME PAGE: The prospective home-builder is wise to select a site for his house not too close to tall trees. Our house is encompassed by maples and cherries of great size, and we find that the leaves choke the eaves troughs each year.

When the gutters are not promptly cleaned, the water seeps into the cellar and is expensive and unsanitary. Painting the eaves through will insure their longer usefulness. Small shrubs around the driveway and the flower beds are preferable to overwhelming shade and dampness.

MRS. EDWARD GALLAGHER, Rochester, N. Y.

On a Salary of Thirty Dollars a Week

EDITOR, HOME PAGE: Five years ago we were married. We have paid for a lot and have a $5,000 house. It might encourage other young people to know how we did it with no money. Two weeks after we were married we contracted to buy a lot 50 by 84 for $460 in a section that had water, but no gas or electricity, paying ten dollars down and two dollars and fifty cents a week. We moved into a flat, and, after paying thirty-two dollars a month for six months, wanted to use the lot and save the rent.

We drew our savings, ninety-six dollars, and built a shack on the rear of the lot. The outside was tar paper, the inside building paper. We lived in it three years and were comfortable with one stove for heat.

Two years after we were married our savings paid for little Evelyn, and two years after that our savings paid for Junior at the hospital. We added one bedroom to the shack, but it was too small. My husband's salary is thirty dollars a week, but we kept out of debt.

In February of this year we decided to build. We found a contractor out of work. He agreed to build a house 24 by 28, one twelve-foot dormer in front and an 8 by 28 veranda; shingled upper, clapboard lower, cement cellar, brick chimney; open plumbing, steam heat, white sink, and set bath; built-in ironing board and medicine cabinet, and ivory-enameled woodwork with oak floors. There are four rooms and bath downstairs, the upstairs being left unfinished. His price, including use of lumber from the shack, was $3,500.

With our lot as equity, we obtained a $2,500 construction loan, and work started immediately. The house was completed May 15, and was so good the mortgagor (a private party) transferred our $2,500 construction loan to a $3,000 first mortgage. With extra fees, title search, bonus on mortgage, etc., and a second mortgage of $750, the house has cost $3,750 and could not be duplicated for $5,000.

We pay thirty-five dollars a month, and figure forty dollars a month to include taxes. We pay 6 per cent on the mortgage, $200 a year on the second for three years and nine months. Our rent, reducing all the time, will then be twenty dollars a month. The property is much more valuable. We now have gas, electricity, telephone, and water.

MRS. DORIS P. ROWLEY, Springfield, Mass.

HE BUILT THIS HIMSELF

This "airplane type" bungalow was built in Columbus, Ohio, by R. B. Criswell, an electrical engineer, he doing practically all the work himself. Starting labor in May, 1923, with his own plans, he completed the house in a year. He has a living-room, bedroom, dining-room, hall, kitchen, and bath downstairs, and two large bedrooms, built like sleeping porches, upstairs. He contracted for excavation, brickwork, and plumbing, but did everything else himself. He has an $8,000 house that he says cost less than $5,000.

Airplane house at Columbus, Ohio. Built by owner.

Lot of Profit on a Lot

EDITOR, HOME PAGE: My mother and I desired to receive some income from our property. We decided to build a house on the rear of our lot. I drew a plan for a four-room bungalow to cost about $2,000. We received separate estimates, and the cost, including a summer house which the carpenter built between the two houses, was $2,000. It improved the appearance of the property. We paid $200 cash and got a mortgage for $1,800 at 7 per cent. We rent the bungalow for forty dollars a month. The interest is only $31.50 every three months and taxes reasonable, so we consider it a profitable investment.

MRS. CLARA E. MITCHELL, Rawlings, Wyo.

A Good Tip on Dry Walls

EDITOR, HOME PAGE: Run a row of ordinary porous ditch tile the very first thing around the outside bottom edge of the foundation cellar wall, and connect it in one or two places with your main cellar drain, and you will never be troubled with seepage, surface water, or damp walls.

KARL VAN DEVANTER, Veedersburg, Ind.

Have Survey Made First

EDITOR, HOME PAGE: After our home was built we wanted a mortgage loan. The company had the lot surveyed, finding our house was not on the lot to which we held a deed. The subdividor had blundered. We had to pay a bonus to the owner of the lot. Our loan was delayed. Have your survey made first.

E. H. SCHAFER, Wickliffe, Ohio.

Don't Miss "War Birds"—Next Week!

Wallop that weary, wilted feeling

WHY should spirits go down when the thermometer goes up? Temperature holds no terror for young or old who know this *joyous* way to beat the heat. A bottle of your favorite carbonated drink gives just the refreshing energy you need for that weary, wilted feeling. Only in *bottled* beverages do you get perfect carbonation, and that wonderful tangy zest. Your doctor prescribes carbonated beverages in bottles; hospitals serve it regularly to aid digestion.

Take along a case!

FOR that motor or camping trip, carbonated bottled beverages assure a safe, *pure* drink. Experts say 85 per cent of lake and stream water is dangerous to health. Don't take a chance this Summer. Take along a case of carbonated bottled beverages—*and make the day perfect.*

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YOUR FAVORITE CARBONATED DRINK
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Picture by
ROBERT G. JONES

The Prima Donna

How Tricks of Temperament Cause Domestic Upheavals

An Article by GERALD SEVERN

She imagined that the fire of dramatic genius burned within her before married life quenched it. She was her home's prima donna.

BAD salesmanship on the part of a husband, a wife, or both, is responsible for a great part of our marital discord. This conclusion has been reached by me as the result of a lifetime as a lawyer in the courts of a great city. I am convinced that lovers who intentionally overstate or oversell their merits stand a big chance of meeting disaster in married life.

There is another human species to whose account much domestic furor may be laid—the professional prima donna. The prima donna is of the feminine sex, but I shall, for my immediate purposes, unsex the designation, conferring it upon man and woman impartially.

The prima donna abounds in business offices, in social gatherings, and in the home.

"It is utterly impossible to live with him," says a weary woman who has come asking for separation or some other relief from the boor who is her husband. "I am no genius and he is constantly reminding me of it. He says he is both intellectually and physically starved—that I lack the culture which he must have in his life companion, and that my imagination for food carries me no further than chops, roasts, and baked potatoes."

Poor soul! She is luckless enough to have a little prima donna for a husband. Such cases always fill me with an urge to take the defendant aside and, selecting his weakest point—his inflated ego—tell him what an utter ass he manages to make of himself.

The desperately tired woman quoted above is rebelling against a man who describes himself as temperamental. He was probably a spoiled child and he is still a spoiled child, but he substitutes the word temperamental for spoiled.

The child still goes on, a pitiful victim of indulgence, and the chances are bright that he (or she) will develop into a temperamental adult—a prima donna. Behold such men and women in their homes. Dinner is unavoidably late. They clutch at their hair, pace the floor, address themselves to heaven, and ask the universe to provide one good reason why their sensitive soul should be thus seared.

Or the dinner is not to their taste. I remember a case wherein the man complained bitterly that his wife had no feeling for the finer things of life.

"My God!" he cried in court, raising his skinny hands and giving Hamlet cards and spades and beating him for the tragic face. "She feeds me stews until I'm mad. Boiled potatoes, corned beef, boiled turnips, chuck meat—my God! And she is getting sloppier and sloppier in her appearance. Your honor, it is one thing or the other. Either I've got to get away from this or I'll jump into the river."

"No, he won't," put in the wife without heat. "No, Judge, he won't. He's been threatening to for five years and he hasn't. Judge, I'm tired of it as much as he is, and all I ask you to consider is one thing. It is true that we buy the commonest kinds of food and we don't have many luxuries or much variety. But, Judge, I'm as tired of those things as he is, and if he will give me the money I'll buy the things he wants. Heaven knows I'd like some new clothes and a change of diet."

This man was thirty-seven years old and in the employ of a wholesale grocery firm. The Judge postponed decision until court officers could investigate him and thereby discovered that his salary was thirty-five dollars a week; that because he was the self-pitying sort and spent most of his time complaining that "there was no use trying to buck the system," his advancement had been retarded.

Now this poor man did not have courage enough to inflict his prima donna stuff on his superiors in the office; he made his wife and children bear it.

"Your honor," said the wife, "he says he is artistic and that the very odors of home nauseate him."

"Madam," the Judge ruled, "not only does this court deny your husband's plea for separation, but it advises you to enter such a plea, which will be granted with an order for half of your husband's salary."

To balance matters I cite the case of a woman who complained that she had abandoned a career on the stage to marry and that her husband had turned out to be nothing but a humdrum worker with no "soul." Frankly, this woman was a silly little fool. She imagined that the fire of dramatic genius burned within her before commonplace married life quenched it. She was her home's prima donna.

THE selfish husband or wife who, thwarted, resorts to ranting and posturing is not only a menace to his or her own home but to the community in general, because nothing is so liquid as discontent and nobody so broad a sower as the malcontent.

Therefore let me, who have heard the domestic lamentations of some thousands of men and women, bid you, if you are your home's prima donna, take stock of yourself before somebody does it for you. And you martyrs who must be the audience of the prima donna—be quick. Act now.

The longer they are allowed to get away with it the harder it is going to be when you call for a showdown.

THE END

Paris Plans for AUTUMN

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

SPECIAL PATTERNS by May Manton

I SHUT my eyes and seem to see the newest 1926-27 modes of the American girl pass before me in costumes she is buying in Paris this minute. One of these young women is in a very short skirt with a ragged hemline, achieved by long, pointed scallops.

The costume is pretty sure to look as if it were in two pieces, as, for instance, in model 5089, which is designed to be a sort of practical joke on the young man who asks you to remove your coat when he takes you out to tea; for it is not a coat at all. This model has a jersey blouse definitely attached to a skirt of crepe de Chine.

The costume, models 5090 and 5091, comes in five pieces. These are a short skirt, a somewhat long bodice, a waistcoat, a jacket, and a cape that buttons on. The dinner-jacket effect and long cape are a favorite combination just now in Paris.

An early autumn sleeveless dress is shown at right with a coat of the same color and material —Chanel-red georgette. A bunch of ragged flowers on one shoulder adds the correct touch.

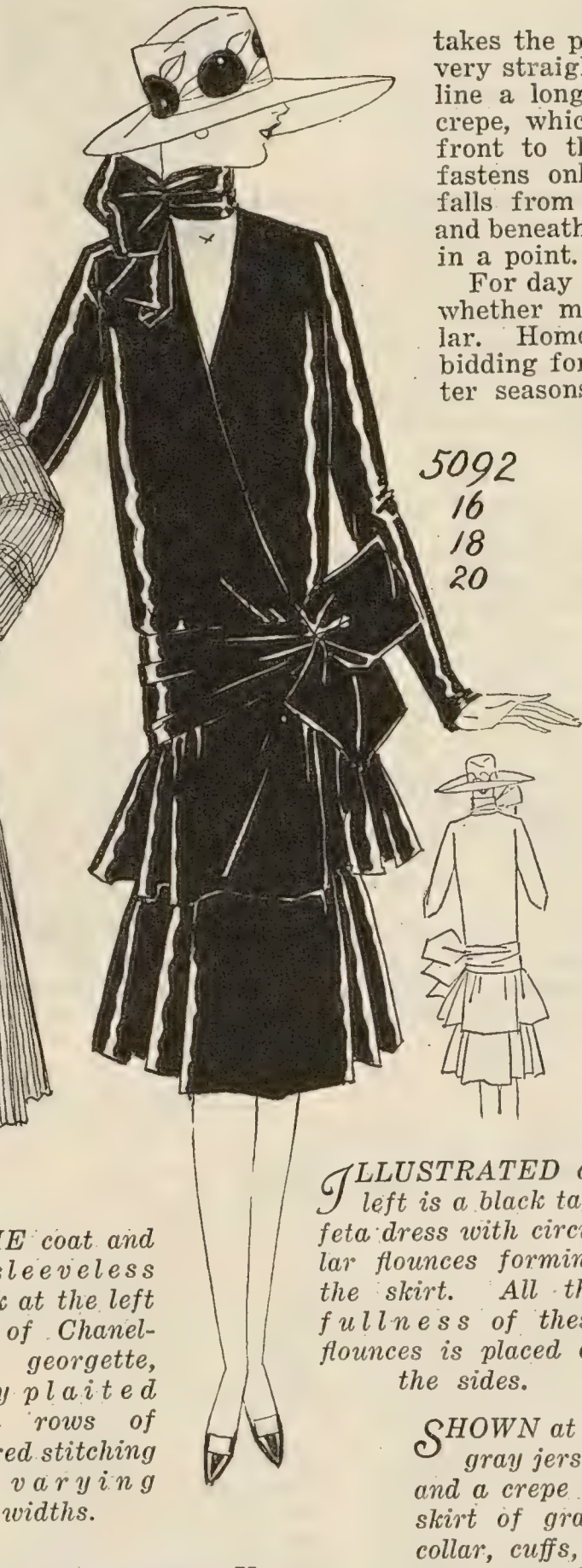
But perhaps the important item of the moment comes from the beauty shops. Young girls are said to be allowing themselves to look plump! The couturiers, having schooled themselves for years to make a line as nearly of one dimension as possible, are now combating the rounded outline of a bodice by giving to the skirts wispy, sketchy trains that skim the floor—except that they are nearly always held up.

It is still quite the thing to wear two contrasting colors, even in the heavy woolen materials of coats, often with the darker color at the top.

Monsieur Rodier has followed up the popularity of his printed silks by a printed kashatoile with a flower design in it. Some designers are making this into a short, straight jacket, topping a plaited skirt of plain material, which is sometimes of crepe. This jacket really takes the place of a sweater, and falls very straight, showing below its waistline a longer jumper blouse of white crepe, which also is uncovered up the front to the neckline, for the jacket fastens only at the throat. A jabot falls from under the turnover collar, and beneath it the bolero comes together in a point.

For day dresses many are wondering whether moire will still remain popular. Homespuns in loose weaves are bidding for favor for the fall and winter seasons.

THE coat and sleeveless frock at the left are of Chanel-red georgette, finely plaited with rows of shirred stitching of varying widths.



ILLUSTRATED at left is a black taffeta dress with circular flounces forming the skirt. All the fullness of these flounces is placed at the sides.

A SUIT consisting of a circular cape, a black suit-coat, and a short skirt. With this a separate blouse is worn. The cape and the coat are of black, the skirt and the cape lining of checked suiting.

SHOWN at right: A gray jersey blouse and a crepe de Chine skirt of gray. The collar, cuffs, and hat are trimmed with a darker shade of grosgrain ribbon.

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Discovered!

Fair Film Fans Elect a New Idol in Sills

A Movie Review of "Men of Steel"

By Frederick James Smith

MILTON SILLS as Jan Bokak, the hero in Men of Steel, which affords him some of his best screen moments since The Sea Hawk, is a film oddity. Sills is well into his forties. He is not the usual cheery celluloid personality. He depends upon neither athletics nor a rampant charm. In fact, it is difficult to describe his box-office appeal.

Sills is a Chicagoan and a graduate of the University of Chicago. It is said that he left the job of professor of psychology to enter the profession graced by John Barrymore. That story was invented by a press agent back in the palmy days when yarns were yarns. Remember the tales of Theda Bara and how she was born in the shadow of the Pyramids?

Sills played on the speaking stage for years, and he first tried pictures in 1914. He was married in London four years before that. It was a long time before he got a star contract. It isn't easy for a leading man to achieve stardom. Being cast opposite high-strung feminine stars does not provide many camera opportunities. The feminine stars see to that.

Sills played a lot of he-men with a dour sort of earnestness, but he was lacking in what directors call sex appeal. His fan mail was just so-so.

Then Sills did The Sea Hawk, a Sabatini story of pirate and swashbuckling days. As a galley slave, Sills wore an exceedingly brief costume plus a jar of heavy tan grease paint. Result, an avalanche of mail! Flappers in Kansas and points west discovered Sills. He was made.

✠ ✠ ✠

Men of Steel, this new First National production, directed by George Archainbaud, was adapted from a short story by Sills himself. Yet the star did not write the whole thing for himself, in the usual actor fashion.

It seems there are two girls, sisters without knowing it. One lives in a mine town; the other is the great steel magnate's daughter. Sills, or rather Jan Bokak, loves the poor girl, Mary, and, as he climbs the social ladder, is loved by the other, Clare.

The steel magnate, quaintly called Cinder Pitt, is a diverting character. A warm heart beats beneath his steel exterior, as a subtitle points out.

There's a half-wit who is not really Mary's brother, although she thinks so until the last reel. When he dies by falling into a ladle of molten iron, the whole mill has a holiday while they bury the ladle.

Doris Kenyon plays the poor girl and May Allison is the wealthy Clare. It is good to see Miss Allison back in screen prominence. Both Miss Kenyon and Miss Allison have starred, so you will realize the expensiveness of the cast.

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Men of Steel is a special, Sills' first since the highly successful Sea Hawk. The whole cast was sent to Birmingham, Alabama, where through the co-operation of the United States Steel Corporation, a mill of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company became an impromptu studio.

HERE you see Milton Sills twice in the role of Jan Bohak. Above, he is the romantic roughneck of steel; at right, dressed up and still romantic, with May Allison.

The production stretched into months. Finally the company returned to New York, where the remainder of the scenes were to be filmed. A sequence involving something like $60,000 worth of miniature stuff was shot—and discarded. The company went back to Birmingham and did the miniature sequence over at the steel mill.

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The picture is reported to have cost something like $600,000. It is a safe bet that it will make a lot of money. It has the splendidly photographed background of a big steel mill in operation; it has loads of action; and Mr. Sills has his best role since The Sea Hawk.

Watch for the scene where the reputed professor of psychology, as the hungry Jan Bokak, steals a plate of food from an annoyed dog.

✠ ✠ ✠

Sills now gets $2,500 a week, and has a lot to say about his productions, as befits one of our first ten male cinema idols. He is enjoying popularity and a suit for divorce. The world is his.

Next week—Variety, starring Emil Jannings.

They say that—

Larry Semon has given up being a screen comic to become a director for Mack Sennett . . . . H. G. Wells' fantastic War of the Worlds is to be filmed in Hollywood by Famous Players . . . . Cecil De Mille has started preliminary work on The King of Kings, based upon the life of Christ . . . . This is to be a sort of successor to The Ten Commandments . . . . De Mille was going to film Noah and his ark under the title of The Deluge, until he found out that a rival producer owned all rights to the celebrated ark . . . . Corinne Griffith is getting $12,000 a week under her newly signed First National contract . . . . Connie Talmadge visited Broadway with her new husband, Captain Alastair Mackintosh, before departing for a honeymoon abroad. Connie says she's violently happy, but she is *not* going to leave the screen.

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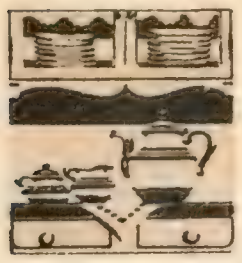

Savory Summer Soups

The Digestive Promoter for the Otherwise All-Cold Menu

By ETHEL SOMERS

ALL family meal habits call for some hot food. Spells of warm-weather, mid-meal icing of the stomach, with sweet drinks at soda fountains and cold suppers, soon play havoc with the otherwise normal appetite and digestion. Consequently even the most elementary dietetics teaches and preaches the one-hot-dish idea. Though your family is fond of cold meats, salads, and desserts, let "One-hot-dish menus" be the slogan for your summer meals. Practice will prove them more appealing, refreshing, and satisfying. Science has proved them more easily digested.

Soups more than warrant a prominent representation among the one-hot-dish items. Except on very humid days, they should be served frequently, for they are easily digested, induce a cooling perspiration, and start the meal happily. They have the further advantage of being easily regulated in food value.

As indicated herein, soups may be light, to enhance the otherwise complete meal; or they may be planned to form the main food of the meal.

A vegetable cream soup with rolls and a salad dessert make a tempting light meal that does not leave one with a stinted feeling. As the warm days bring muscular relaxation of the digestive tract along with the rest of the body, eat less as well as more discreetly.

BROTH or stock soups may be varied, by the addition of barley, rice, croutons, or vegetables, to range in food value from 100 to 200 or more calories to each serving.

Cream soups may be varied to range from 150 to 350 or more calories.

TABLE FOR CREAM SOUPS

Soup—cream of	*Salt*	*Pepper*	*Onion*	*Vegetable*	*Variation to be used or not, as one chooses*
Asparagus	1½ teaspoons	⅛ teaspoon; also paprika	1 teaspoon grated	1 cup pulp or sliced cooked asparagus tips or both	Add egg, or an equal quantity of bouillon, or both
Celery	1½ teaspoons	⅛ teaspoon; dash of paprika	1 teaspoon grated	1 cup celery pulp or 1 cup cooked, sliced celery, or both	Add egg, or ¼ cup finely shredded cooked carrot
Cucumber	2 teaspoons	¼ teaspoon	½ tablespoon grated	2 blades of mace, 3 large cucumbers seeded, cooked, and pulped	Add 2 egg yolks, or ¼ cup finely shredded cooked carrot
Corn	1½ teaspoons	⅛ teaspoon; dash of paprika	1 teaspoon grated	1 cup scraped cooked corn	Add egg, or ¼ cup finely shredded cooked carrot or 1 minced sweet red pepper or pimento
Lettuce or Curly Endive	1½ teaspoons	⅛ teaspoon	1 teaspoon grated	⅓ to ½ cup cooked pulped lettuce or curly endive	Add 2 tablespoons grated cheese to each service just before serving, or ¼ cup finely shredded cooked carrot
Pea	1½ teaspoons	⅛ teaspoon and dash of paprika, or ½ teaspoon cayenne	1 teaspoon grated	1½ cups cooked peas pulped, or ½ cup pulped peapods washed and boiled one hour after putting on in cold water	Add ¼ cup finely shredded cooked carrot and ¼ cup cooked peas left whole, or egg, or bouillon
Spinach	1½ teaspoons	⅛ teaspoon; dash of paprika	None	1 cup cooked sieved spinach	Add ¼ cup finely shredded cooked carrot, or egg, or bouillon
Tomato	1½ teaspoons	⅛ teaspoon	1 tablespoon minced	1 quart canned tomatoes cooked with 1 bay leaf, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 clove, ¼ teaspoon celery seed cooked altogether for ten minutes and sieved	Add 4 tablespoons flour mixed with ¼ cup water slowly to the hot tomato. Stir and cook until thickened and add hot to the hot sauce

Foundation White Sauce

1 quart whole milk
¼ cup flour
¼ cup or 4 tablespoons butter

MELT the butter over a low flame. Remove from the fire, mix in the flour, and stir to a smooth paste. Gradually stir in one cup of the milk, stirring constantly to make a smooth mixture. Return to the fire and stir and cook until thickened. Add a second cup of milk and, after the mixture has been stirred and cooked for ten minutes, add the remaining milk and use as called for with the proportion of vegetable and seasonings given in any of the Cream recipes in center box.

Method of Preparation: Add the vegetable pulp and seasonings to the recipe of Foundation White Sauce. Cook in a double boiler for half an hour, except for Cream of Tomato Soup, which has a special method of mixing, as given under the heading of Variations.

Key to Variations in table at center: Add egg: Beat one whole egg or two egg yolks and pour the hot soup over the beaten egg. Return to the double boiler for one minute. Serve hot.

Add Bouillon: Add an equal quantity of hot bouillon or broth to the hot cream soup. Whipped cream, croutons, or chopped parsley make pleasant additions.

Soup Stock

1 pound soup bone { one-third meat, one-third bone, one-third fat
1 quart cold water
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon various vegetables

CRACK or saw the meat bone open so that the juices of the marrow may flavor the soup. Remove the meat and chop it fine. Add the cold water and salt to the chopped meat, split bone, and fat in a kettle, and one tablespoon each of a variety of vegetables (those chosen being optional) that have been finely chopped or shredded. Left-over vegetables may be used, but the quantity in such case should be increased, as the cooked vegetables contain less flavor than the raw. Heat the soup very slowly, so that the cold water may extract as much flavor as possible (in fact, if a large double boiler is available, it is wise to cook the soup slowly over water). A few hours' soaking is to be advised if the time permits before the cooking process is started. Heat gently for several hours. Strain if desired. Clear, cool, remove fat layer, and reheat before serving.

Julienne or Vegetable Soup

2 carrots
2 turnips
2 onions or leeks
3 or 4 lettuce leaves
4 stalks celery
½ teaspoon celery
1 quart soup stock
1 tablespoon butter

CUT the vegetables in matchlike strips and cook in butter until savory but only slightly browned. Add lettuce, shredded, sugar, and stock. Simmer gently one hour. About thirty minutes before serving, add four tablespoons of fresh peas and sliced asparagus tips. Serve with croutons.

Savory Soup

2 quarts stock
2 onions, minced
1 carrot, minced
1 sprig parsley
2 stalks celery, sliced
1 bay leaf
2 egg yolks
1 cup cream
1 cup asparagus tips, if desired

COMBINE first six ingredients and simmer gently for three hours. Mix egg yolks and cream until well blended. Slowly stir into the soup. Rub as much of the vegetable mixture as possible through a sieve. Add cooked asparagus and serve.

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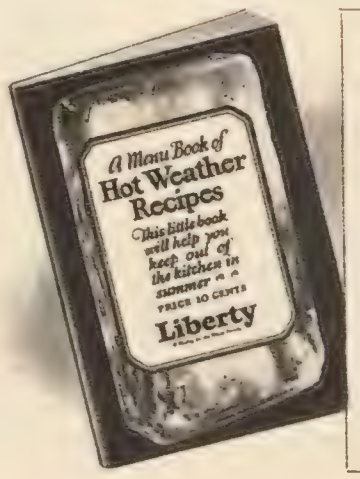

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The CORBIN

By Henry

Pictures by JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

JUDY CORBIN was a girl as plucky and gallant as a racing sloop, but I watched her plow through some heavy waters. I was the Corbins' bachelor neighbor, was immensely fond of Judy, and would gladly have flung the priceless Corbin necklace into the fire, such a sinister influence was it in the girl's life.

It belonged to her grandmother, old Mrs. Corbin, and filled her widowed mother, Victoria Corbin, with bitter covetousness. It first wound itself about Judy's fate when she ran away from school, met, loved, and apparently lost Bill Grant—for she never saw him again until she was on the point of marrying his rather stodgy cousin, Bruce Applebury. Then he turned up to be best man!

Judy would have thrown over the groom for her old flame, but the necklace caught and bound her. Her mother, desperately needing money, had had the string of pearls copied, had returned the clever imitation to her mother-in-law's safe, taken the original to the bank as her own, and borrowed $25,000 on it. But Judy's approaching wedding threw the spotlight on the family treasure. It was rumored that Mrs. Corbin was to make it the girl's wedding gift.

Then the imitation was mysteriously stolen and as mysteriously returned. The bank, learning that the necklace did not belong to Victoria, threatened her with a criminal prosecution. In terror she induced Bruce Applebury to redeem the pearls. Judy now regarded herself as purchased for $25,000.

The next move was her grandmother's giving her the fake pearls in good faith. Here was a way out. She wrote to Bruce to keep the real gems, and eloped with Bill as far as my cottage. While we were waiting, she and I—Bill having gone for the marriage license—the telephone rang. Bruce had been robbed of the real pearls! He accused Bill. Poor Judy was caught again!

Back to the big house we went, where old Mrs. Corbin summoned a family meeting. She learned some ugly truths, among them that Bruce meant to hold Judy. She flung his $25,000 at his head, to buy Judy off. Still he clung to his charge against Bill.

Necklace

The Mystery of the Pearls Takes Its Most Amazing Turn

Kitchell Webster

THE door swung open noiselessly, and there stood a man holding out a pair of empty hands.

PART NINE

"IF your granddaughter wants to marry Bill Grant, she'll have to marry a proclaimed thief," Bruce declared. "He may never be sent to jail for what he's done. That decision's in your hands, I suppose. But the story of it shall follow him as long as he lives."

There was a furious retort on old Mrs. Corbin's lips, but it was checked by the quiet tones of Mr. Smith.

"Augusta," he said (I'd never heard her addressed by that name before, and it made me jump), "have I your permission to take a hand?"

She nodded, without a word, and sank back with a sigh into her chair.

Old Eagle Eye turned to Bruce.

"Please sit down again," he said persuasively. "I don't think we need be violent about this. The suggestion I wish to offer is that you make a beginning at once and tell us the story now. I've heard no account of the robbery myself, and I don't think Mrs. Corbin has. If there is a clear case against your cousin, William Grant, we'd like to hear it."

Disarming as his voice was, I don't know that Applebury would have yielded if the old man hadn't added:

"Of course you would wish to tell it, at least for once, in the presence of any of us who might have contributory testimony to offer."

"I'm not afraid of any contributory testimony," Bruce said. "Yes, I'll be glad to tell it."

I FELT, as he went ahead and detailed in a painstakingly literal manner, without comment and without betrayal of passion, the incident that Victoria had related to me a little earlier, that it made at best a terribly damaging story.

Even old Mr. Smith betrayed, as he listened, the nearest approach to excitement he was capable of. His manner was calm enough, but his eye had the old irrepressible eagle gleam in it. It seemed to me that Bruce had gone as fully as possible into details, but there hadn't been enough of these to satisfy the old gentleman. He took Applebury back over the story from the beginning:

"You'd gone to bed somewhere about two o'clock, wasn't it, with the necklace under your pillow, and had fallen asleep? Did that happen at once or did you have any trouble getting off?"

"I lay awake awhile," Bruce said. "I don't know how long."

"Everything was quiet then, wasn't it? Bill hadn't kept you awake by moving about?"

"No; it was quiet. I think he got to bed before I did."

"And there was no light in his room?"

"I didn't see any."

"So you had no reason to think that he wasn't out of the way until morning," Mr. Smith commented.

Bruce didn't dissent to that.

"WELL, then," the old man went on, "you fell asleep. Deeply?"

"I'm a fairly sound sleeper," said Bruce.

"And you didn't wake till Bill came into the room?"

"I think not. No, I'm sure I didn't."

"Do you know what waked you up?"

"I haven't an idea—some noise, I suppose. I don't know that it was that. It may have been some movement about my bed."

"Such as a hand under your pillow?" suggested Mr. Smith.

"It may have been that," Bruce agreed grimly. "As I say, I don't know. I found myself awake."

"You don't think Bill had spoken to you from his room before he came in?"

"I'm very sure," said Bruce, "that he did not. He was standing there, in his pajamas, close by the head of my bed, rummaging over the top of my bureau."

"He'd left a light on in his room, I suppose," Mr. Smith suggested, "and the door was open behind him?"

"I don't know about the door," said Bruce. "There was no light coming in from his room. There was no light at all, except what came in from outdoors."

"You didn't instantly recognize him, then?"

"Naturally not. I asked who it was."

"And he replied that it was Bill and that he'd come in for some cigarettes?"

Bruce nodded. He seemed to be getting bored with all these repetitions.

"And you suggested that he turn on the light?"

"We've been over all that," Bruce said impatiently. "Yes."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

"His voice sounded perfectly natural and matter-of-fact?"

"I suppose so," Bruce admitted. "Yes, I can't say that it didn't."

"So you had no impression whatever of anything furtive or stealthy about his way of coming in?"

"I don't think I'd say that," Bruce objected. "I think it *was* rather stealthy. I know it struck me at the time as rather queer that I hadn't heard him coming in."

"You are sure you were perfectly broad awake when you did see him there?" Mr. Smith asked.

"Yes, I'm sure of that. I think my asking him why he didn't turn on the light shows it."

The old man nodded gravely. "Yes," he said. "I think we may regard that as conclusive."

I got a sort of thrill out of that, and looking over at Judy I saw she'd got it too. But I didn't, even then, know what he was driving at.

He went on in a somewhat thoughtful tone:

"So he took his cigarettes and went away, closing his door after him, I think you said. And you once more dropped off to sleep. And that's the story."

HE sat in thoughtful silence over it for a moment. Then he looked straight at Bruce and asked:

"Mr. Applebury, was the necklace under your pillow at that time?"

Bruce returned his gaze with a frightened stare.

"In the light of what I've found out since," he said, when he could make his voice come, "I think it's natural to assume that it was not."

"I asked," said Mr. Smith—and now his voice was like a shining sword—"I asked for your personal knowledge. Was the necklace under your pillow when your cousin went back to his room?"

"I don't know," Bruce said. "It was gone in the morning, anyhow."

"We'll come to the morning presently. Mr. Applebury, let me ask you to consider what you've told us.

"You'd gone to bed guarding a priceless thing that was in some danger of being stolen. You had chosen to guard it by putting it under your pillow, where, by a touch, by the smallest movement of your hand, you could assure yourself from time to time of its safety. You were startled out of a deep sleep by the presence of an unknown man in your room, a man whose entrance, by your own statement, had seemed stealthy and unexplained. You didn't know who he was until he spoke in answer to your question.

"Do you pretend to assert seriously that your hand never moved under the pillow to discover whether the necklace were still there?"

Bruce sprang to his feet.

"Look here," he said, through colorless lips, "I've been insulted far enough!"

"Sit down!" commanded old Eagle Eye. "I'm going to insult you a little further. You've made a statement which the mind of a child would reject as preposterous. I make the counterstatement that you did feel under the pillow; that you knew the necklace was there before your cousin had had time to tell you who he was; that unless it had been there you would have raised an outcry upon the spot. You dropped asleep contentedly after he had gone back to his room because you knew it was still there."

There was a moment of dead silence. Bruce didn't even try to speak. I felt, after the first flush of crude triumph, something painfully humiliating in the spectacle of so complete a demolition as that, even of one I'd been regarding as an enemy.

Judy felt it too. She sprang up and ran to the window, where she stood looking out. I could see the tears running down her face—partly from relief, of course, over the clearing of her lover, but partly, I think, from pity. She had no disposition to gloat over Bruce, anyhow.

Mr. Smith was the only one of us who remained unmoved. He hadn't completely finished.

"Now we'll come to the events of this morning," he said.

"I don't know, Mr. Applebury, where the necklace was when you wakened. It may have been taken by a thief after you had dropped asleep again. Or it may have been still under your pillow."

BRUCE had found his voice again. "Do you mean to insinuate—" he began.

"Not at this moment," interrupted Mr. Smith. "I'll do my insinuating a little later.

"As I said, we don't know where the necklace was when you waked up this morning. But we do know that upon your bureau, left there by your cousin, Bill Grant, was a note from Judy telling you that you might keep the necklace, and that at that price she was quit of you.

"We know that his actual errand to your room was to leave that note; that it was for this purpose he had undressed and gone to bed and waited for you to fall asleep.

"We know with what feelings you regard your cousin. It doesn't want much imagination to picture you as furiously angry; as anxious to avenge the humiliation you felt he had put upon you. The fact that your cousin had been in the room during the night, and that he had now left his room and the house, offered you an apparently easy revenge.

"Now I'll make my insinuation, if you like. We have nothing but your unsupported assertion that any robbery whatever has taken place. You lied in accusing your cousin of the theft, and I find it easy to believe that you have lied in declaring that any theft occurred."

Bruce's moment of collapse was past. His face was afire, now, with anger. He turned upon me.

"I decline to rest under this infamous

charge," he said. "I insist upon being searched at once; that my room and my effects be searched. That necklace was gone when I waked up this morning."

He turned upon Mr. Smith. "You can't accuse an honest man of theft and get away with it."

"I'm glad you've made that discovery," the old gentleman replied quietly. "However, I haven't made a charge. Nothing but the same sort of insinuation you made against your cousin. The necklace may have been stolen after he and Judy left the house last night. I'm inclined to think it was."

"Have we got to go on *talking?*" Bruce demanded of me. "Can't we go to my room and begin the search?"

It was rather pathetic, his turning to me like that. Relatively, I suppose, I seemed like a friend. It's a fact that I was sorry for him and that I believed he knew no more of the present whereabouts of the necklace than I did.

Old Eagle Eye was in charge, however, and I referred to him for his consent. He gave it by rising, with a bow to old Mrs. Corbin.

"I think we'd better adjourn upstairs," he said. "That's the real field of battle, anyhow."

"You'll come too, sir, won't you?" Bruce asked me. And, when I agreed, he handed me my crutches and helped me to my feet.

"I've never been searched before," he remarked gloomily as we rode up in the elevator together. "I've never even seen a man searched."

"I never have either," I confessed to him nervously. I think I dreaded the ordeal almost as much as he. There is something rather horrifying about the idea.

But we might have spared our apprehensions, for the search, as it happened, never came off.

The elevator shaft on the top floor opens directly into the billiard-room. Bruce opened the door when the car stopped and stepped out; but, since there was a slight inequality between levels, he turned back instantly to caution me about it. I swung myself out without difficulty, but I almost lost my balance and fell back into the car from sheer astonishment at what I saw.

"Good Lord!" I gasped. "Punch, what in the world are you doing?"

Mr. Smith was at my side in an instant, and his right hand went under his coat, even before he saw what I was looking at.

THE little boy never turned his head. He was standing beside the billiard table, covering with his trusty rifle one of the closed doors at the end of the room. He was very pale, but his eyes were shining and his hands were steady.

"Look out," he said quietly. "He's in the trunk closet."

"Who is?" Bruce demanded. "What do you mean?"

But Mr. Smith asked no questions. He whipped out the automatic pistol from under his coat.

"It's all right if you're sure he's there," he said. "I've got the door covered too."

"Well, I'm pretty sure," said Punch. "I saw a drop of oil on the hinge. That's how I know."

"Any other way out of it than through that door?" Mr. Smith asked briskly, but speaking low, as the boy had done.

"No," said Punch. "It's an awfully big place. It goes clear around the corner. But that's the only way out, unless he's made a hole in the roof."

"They're slate shingles," Mr. Smith observed. "He's still in there, then."

"What are they talking about?" Bruce demanded of me.

"The thief's in there," Mr. Smith told him; "Punch's ghost; the man in pajamas. Look here, can you shoot quick and straight if you have to? If you can, I'll give you this pistol. I'm going to open the door."

He held the weapon out to Bruce. "With my apologies," he added.

"Thanks very much, sir," said Bruce. "But I'll open the door myself."

Mr. Smith nodded.

"Stand to one side when you do," he cautioned him. "Don't get in our line of fire."

"If he's the man who stole the necklace," Bruce remarked, "you won't have to shoot; not if I can get my hands on him!"

Bruce had already started for the door, but he couldn't go in a straight line to it because of the corner of the billiard table. Before he could get around this obstruction a new voice spoke and halted him in his tracks.

"Really, there's no need for any sort of violence," it stated irritably. "I'll open the door myself. I'll hold my hands out before me

and you'll see that it won't be necessary to shoot. That's quite understood, is it?"

"Perfectly," Mr. Smith agreed. "We won't do anything impulsive. Open the door."

The door swung open noiselessly, and there, true to his promise, stood a man holding out a pair of empty hands.

His appearance is rather hard to describe, since the obvious facts about it seemed fortuitous and somehow contradictory to the truer ones. He was, for example, unmistakably dirty and disheveled. Yet he looked as if he ought to be scrupulously clean and tidy. You felt that it was contradictory to his nature to go more than twenty-four hours without a shave, although a shadow of colorless beard upon his plump cheeks proclaimed that he had done so. His suit of clothes was cheap and shapeless, yet something about him proclaimed him a fop.

His glance shifted swiftly from one to another of us, coming to rest at last in sour contemplation upon Punch.

THE boy had been gazing at him intently, groping for an identification. Now he got it.

"Why," he cried, "he's the man who was hanging the new window shades! He must have been in there ever since Wednesday."

Old Mr. Smith, who'd been watching the thief closely, had evidently got what he'd been looking for.

"Raglan, by George!" he exclaimed. "This is a real pleasure. But, man, I'd hardly have known you!"

Then he explained to the rest of us: "Mr. Raglan is not only one of the most expert gem thieves in the world; he's also admitted to be the best dressed man in his profession."

Bruce Applebury wasn't in a sympathetic mood. He made no acknowledgment whatever of the honor of the introduction to so eminent a craftsman. He said to Mr. Smith, "We must call the police at once, of course. Shall I telephone?"

"Oh, there's no hurry, I think," said Mr. Smith. "It's still frightfully early."

He turned to the thief. "Raglan," he said, "I'm going to propose a bargain: You produce the necklace; save us the trouble of a search for it. If you'll do that, I'll take the liberty of promising you, although I'm merely one of Mrs. Corbin's guests, a bath and a shave, a change of linen, and a really good breakfast. All that before presenting you to the police—and the photographers."

"Done," said Raglan, without a moment's hesitation. "Thanks very much."

He slid his right hand under his coat toward his left armpit.

"Look out!" Bruce cried sharply. "He's after a gun."

Raglan's answer was to unbutton his coat and throw it back, showing that there was no weapon there.

But Mr. Smith had betrayed no perturbation, even before he got this reassurance. "Unless Raglan has changed his well-known methods," he said, "he doesn't carry a gun. He has a strong aversion to the more unpleasant forms of violence."

Raglan made no comment upon these remarks. He was busy with the lining of his sleeve, just beneath the armpit. He had, it appeared, a long pocket in there. Presently he pulled out the necklace.

Here and now I make my apologies for the banal philosophizings I had addressed, at lunchtime on the previous day, to its substitute. It was worth all the labor it had cost. It was above price—a masterpiece. The glory of it held the five of us spellbound—the connoisseur, the disappointed thief, the lover who had tried to include it in his bargain, the small boy, and myself. We didn't speak; we hardly breathed. I think Raglan might have bolted had he not been bound by the same enchantment as the rest of us.

JUDY sprang up and ran to the window, where she stood looking out. I could see the tears running down her face.

At last old Mr. Smith broke the spell.

"Punch," he said, "take this downstairs and give it to your grandmother. Tell her that none of her guests nor of her family had anything to do with its disappearance. Nor her servants either. Ask her if she's willing that Belden should send up a good hearty breakfast to an old acquaintance of mine whom I am entertaining in my room."

Punch's hands were shaking as Mr. Smith gently deposited the treasure in the cup he made of them. I remembered the negligence with which the imitation had been reconsigned to the boy's old pocket handkerchief the day before and wondered that I had not guessed the truth from that.

"I'm to tell Gran nothing but that?" Punch asked, his eyes dancing with excitement. "And I'm not to tell anyone else anything at all?"

"Not if you can help it," said old Eagle Eye with a grin. "We must keep our bargain with Raglan if we can. Go on and find Belden, if your grandmother gives you leave, and order the breakfast from him. Then come back here."

Punch darted off on his errand.

I THINK perhaps the return of the necklace to Mrs. Corbin served to remind Bruce of his own injuries and disappointments. It was with a very sulky expression that he watched the boy disappear down the stairs.

"I really can't understand," he said, turning impatiently to Mr. Smith, "why a professional criminal should be treated with such extraordinary consideration. He ought to be in handcuffs now and on his way to jail."

"Surely you can understand keeping a bargain," Mr. Smith answered suavely. "I've heard you discourse feelingly on that subject within the hour."

Applebury's only reply to that was an angry shrug of the shoulders. I think he suspected the old gentleman of meaning to let Raglan go altogether now that the necklace was recovered.

I didn't go as far as that, but I was a little uneasy lest his zest in the new game he was playing—I hadn't yet made out what it was—should betray the old gentleman into trusting too far Mr. Raglan's dislike of violence.

"My room and bath are entirely at your

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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$4.50

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Note the visor. Collects all upward *wasted beams* of light and reflects them down onto the road. Intense illumination. *Projects long beam ahead.* Visor cuts off glare from eyes of approaching motorist. Mounted out in front *near the road* where auxiliary lights belong. Turn out headlights and speed past oncoming cars in perfect safety. Artistic design. Exquisite finish. Sturdy drawn metal construction—*no castings.* Seven expert inspections insure precision of alignment of reflector, lens and bulb. Insist on a *genuine* Delta. Price complete with 9 ft. armored cable and dash switch, $4.50. Slightly higher in Canada and West of Rockies. We will gladly send descriptive literature of this and other models. If your dealer does not have the model you want, write us.

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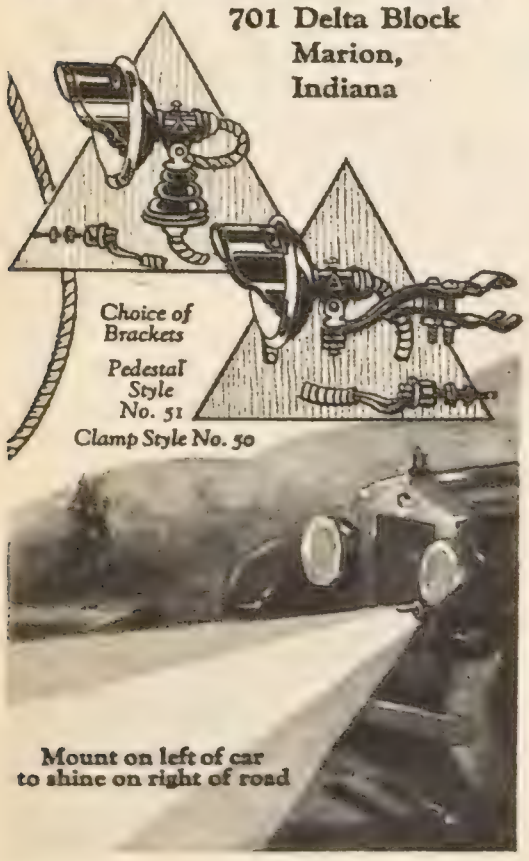


[THE CORBIN NECKLACE Continued from Page Seventy-one]

disposal now, Mr. Raglan," he said, leading the way toward his door and opening it. "As to the change of linen I promised you, I'm afraid I'd been counting on Mr. Applebury's acquiescence to my bargain. My own, perhaps, can be made to serve."

Bruce's face on hearing the suggestion that he provide the burglar with a shirt and a suit of underclothes was a study in outraged astonishment. But he was prevented from further expressing his feelings by Raglan's answer.

"That won't be necessary," he said coldly. "I have a bag with me. Perhaps the young man will bring it out. I'd be glad to fetch it myself, but I don't suppose that would quite meet your ideas. It's standing on the first box around the corner."

"Get it out, will you, Applebury?" said old Mr. Smith.

I really thought Bruce would burst. But he marched off, to return a moment later lugging a big black case of a nondescript sort.

Bruce set it down without a word and walked off to his own room. I have never seen him, I remark with thankfulness, since.

Raglan picked up the bag and followed Mr. Smith into his room, I swinging along after them on my crutches, feeling rather nervous over Bruce's defection. Raglan might easily be too much, I thought, for Mr. Smith and me.

RAGLAN would have carried the bag straight on through into the bathroom if Mr. Smith hadn't halted him.

"I think perhaps," he said, "you'd better take off your clothes out here. Then you can bathe and shave in privacy."

I saw the point to that, as Raglan did, and felt a little better. There was a window in the bathroom, big enough for a man to climb out of, and there might be a handy down spout that would take him to the ground. But no thief would try to escape without his clothes.

Raglan, stripped to his underwear, opened the bag, lifted out a tray of tools, and selected his clean linen. Then he went into the bathroom and locked the door.

"I suppose," I remarked, "he might have had that necklace hidden where we'd have had the devil's own time finding it."

"No, I hardly think so," Mr. Smith dissented politely. "No, that's not the reason I'm coddling him. He's dirty and miserable, and ravenously hungry, I suspect. When he's clean and fed, he'll be expansive. I want him to tell me how he did it, and if they'll only let us alone for half an hour, I believe he will. Ah, here's Punch. Now we'll know."

II

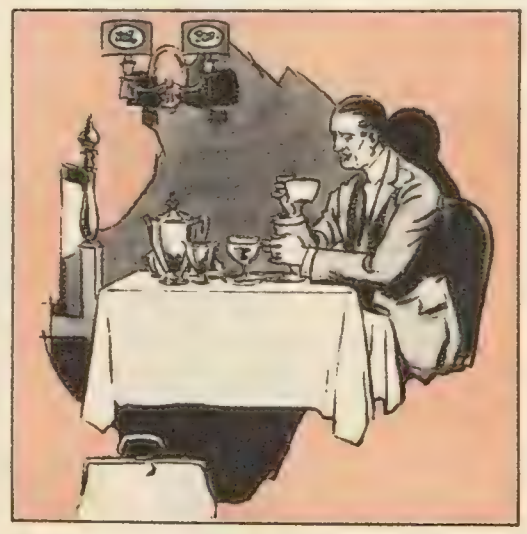
AS usual, Mr. Smith turned out to be right. You wouldn't have known Raglan for the same man when he came out of that bathroom, and the transformation was complete when he had arrayed himself with scrupulous care and deliberation in an exquisitely tailored light gray suit with a fine blue stripe in it, symphonically harmonious with his socks and his cravat, brushed his hair, and settled himself at the little table where his breakfast was arrayed. I wondered, as I watched his delicate approach to the chilled grapefruit, whether, had I seen him first like this, I should have detected anything imitative or unreal about his well-bred English accent.

Punch had been watching these proceedings with breathless interest.

"Are the pajamas in there?" he asked, indicating the tool box. "The ones with the tear in the leg?"

Raglan nodded.

"The pajamas," Mr. Smith ob-



served, "must have been the main inspiration of the—campaign."

"Naturally," Raglan said. "There's no trick about getting into any house, nor about hiding in it. But how to stay hidden for as long as may be necessary—well, the pajamas struck me as a pretty good answer. I could lie up by day almost anywhere, providing I had freedom to move about at night. In a big house like this, full of guests who weren't likely to know each other any too well, I'd be sure to have it. No one would pay any attention to a man in pajamas on his way to the bathroom."

"The main conception," said Mr. Smith politely, "was quite in your best vein. Indeed, I blame myself for failing to recognize your—idiom, so to speak, in the mere prima facie aspects of the case."

The fellow was vain as a peacock, I could see. He was drinking down the old man's compliments like wine. I ventured to lend a hand.

"You weren't very far from it," I reminded Mr. Smith. "The thing had a certain look, which you kept reverting to, which made it hard for you to believe it the work of an amateur."

"I failed to think clear through to the edge," the old gentleman confessed mournfully. "I fell before the irresistible presumption that imposed on everyone else: the presumption that a man wandering about the house at night in bath slippers and pajamas must be one of the guests. And that despite the clear clue we had to the contrary, in the failure of Punch's review of all the pajamas in the house that had been slept in, to account for the pair with a nail tear in the leg."

This time it was Raglan's coffee cup that halted sharply on the way to his lips.

"Punch!" he murmured, and turned another thoughtful look on the little boy.

But he was too hungry to be diverted more than momentarily from his breakfast. Mr. Smith let him alone until he'd finished it. Then he offered him a cigar, and said, "I'd like to begin at the beginning. You came to the house ostensibly to put up window shades."

"Ostensibly!" Raglan put in. "I worked here for two days. I must have put up hundreds of them practically all over the house. I couldn't get into the old lady's room. There was no work of any sort being done there. But the rest of the house I came to know like the palm of my hand.

"Wednesday afternoon, when the old woman went around in her wheel chair, attended by her grandson, assigning rooms to the people who were coming, I was working up on this floor and I learned the names of everyone who was coming and where everyone was to sleep, which helped a lot."

"And a little later that afternoon," Mr. Smith observed, "when it was time for the workmen to quit, instead of leaving the house you moved into the room you'd selected for yourself and made yourself at home. You know, I wonder a little at your choice of hiding place—the top floor of the house, with only one flight of stairs leading to it and only one door out of the place, once you'd got in."

RAGLAN laughed—not a very nice sort of laugh, either.

"I thought of all that," he said. "But there were compensations. I found them the first time I went in there. You can hear everything that's said in both sitting-rooms—the old lady's and her daughter's—by some trick of construction that I didn't figure out."

"I know about that," Punch volunteered. "The light comes up too. I asked grandmother why it was, once, and she said grandfather had had the tops left off the window casings so that the long windows would slide all the way up."

"I no longer wonder at your choice of it as a hiding place," Mr. Smith remarked dryly.

He took the staggering revelation, though, a good deal more calmly than I did. Excitement stirred me as I began to understand the basis for Raglan's extraordinary complacency in confessing the details of his crime before three witnesses. Heavens, how much did the man know! What was there that he didn't know? And how much could we get him to tell?

You're on the verge of learning the final destinies of all the people to whose adventures you've been thrilling. Just how that tantalizing necklace was stolen, what happens to the thief, and what news greets the crowd of wedding guests, you'll find out in next week's last and best installment.

SUCH A BUSINESS—*By* Milt Gross

Thirst and a taste for Coca-Cola are the same thing

How Taste Satisfies Thirst

Thirst, a natural call for moisture, is first registered in the palate. The sense of taste there was created to tempt you to take what's good for you when it is good for you. Because, otherwise, you would not drink enough to keep the moisture in you up to the health-level.

The palate, holding recollection of flavors, never forgets what has especially delighted it.

Coca-Cola has so definitely pleased the public that thirst and a taste for it are the same thing.

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

7 million a day

Vox Pop

Here's a Slap

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Fullerton's amusing squawk, Let the Eagle Scream, with his loud brag about springing to arms—which took the United States a year—and the rest of his figures, all have the Babbitt touch.

You folks in the States ought never to have let go a guiding hand. You are already a gang of savages.

God knows what the coming years will bring you to!—*M. S. Manning, Bedford, Nova Scotia.*

The Screaming Eagle

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I have just finished reading the article, Let the Eagle Scream—Not Squawk, by Hugh Fullerton, and I thank him. No one but a 100 per cent American could have written that. He has expressed my thoughts so very much better than I could have expressed them myself.

I wish that every American citizen, both native-born and foreign-born, could read that article. It is an eye-opener.—*Mrs. M. E. Forsythe, Syracuse, N. Y.*

This Blacks Our Eye

EDITOR, LIBERTY: When your weekly first came out, it held my interest steadily. Recently, however, I have gone back to my old love.

The plot or story isn't everything, is it? Surely some of us have a little appreciation for literary style.—*A. W. Phelps, Chicago.*

All in Favor, Vote "Aye!"

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Would it not be consistent with the name Liberty, to set forth some of the personal experiences that the Boys in Blue had during the Rebellion—that is, have veterans relate their adventures while serving under Sherman, Grant, Meade, Sheridan, Thomas, and Logan?—*C. C. Knowles, Colorado Springs, Colo.*

Another Pat for the Eagle

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Let the Eagle Scream: Best article published in LIBERTY or any other magazine, in a year.—*Alan Hahm, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Praise That Means Something

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I have just read Mother's Son or Wife's Man, by Cosmo Hamilton. I mean, I have just completed a third reading.

Somehow, some time, somewhere, the author of this terribly realistic glimpse into the soul of the Great War has lived the emotions which swayed—now this way, now that—the veteran and his loved ones.

My appetite holds a keen edge for more. Let us have another helping soon, please. I served over four years with the Canadians in France and Belgium. Experience knows!—*R. E. Culp, Alameda, Calif.*

Answering a Complaint

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I see that a gentleman in Atlantic City complains that your puzzles are becoming increasingly difficult of late.

I just want to say, as a red-hot cross-word puzzle fan, that in my opinion your puzzles have them all beaten. I get more real enjoyment out of LIBERTY'S puzzles than those of any other periodical or newspaper. There are just enough hidden traps in them to make one cautious with his fountain pen and, on the other hand, they are not absolutely unreasonable.—*George J. Lynch, Halifax, Nova Scotia.*

More About Our Cross-Words

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I take a stand diametrically opposed to that of your "gentleman from Atlantic City." I hold that a correctly made cross-word puzzle cannot be too difficult to be readily solved by an ordinarily intelligent English-speaking person, provided the usual ordinary and clear definitions be given, and that only words taken from our language are used, also as few archaic terms and simple abbreviations as possible, such as Dr. or Mr. or Miss.

I confess to being tremendously fond of working out these puzzles as a fine mental exercise, so hope they will be continued indefinitely.—*W. K. Beatty, Delhi, Calif.*

Does Anyone Agree?

EDITOR, LIBERTY: To exploit the doings of McSwiggin and other crooks does not make LIBERTY any more desirable for the home.—*R. H. Moloney, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Corrupt and Contented?

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I have read your very interesting story of The Machine-Gunning of McSwiggin, and this question comes to my mind: Why not take the lid off Philadelphia as well as Chicago?

The windy city has nothing on our noted "corrupt and contented" voters.—*W. S. Smalley, Philadelphia, Pa.*

The Etiquette of Old Glory

EDITOR, LIBERTY: My attention has been called by many to the cover of your July 3 issue, which has the American colors upside down. It should be generally known by this time that our tricolor is in reality taken from the French flag—also that the etiquette of the flags of both countries requires that the blue field and the blue band be always uppermost. France is not in distress. I am surprised at the ignorance of your cover designer and lack of proper observance of the code in allowing the issue to go out to so offend—not only the American Legion but all patriotic citizens.—*Marion Howard Brazier, President, Old Glory Club, Boston, Mass.*

The Machine-Gunning of McSWIGGIN

Chicago Tribune photo

DINNER given by "Diamond Joe" Esposito at which United States Senator Deneen was present.

1—*John Scalise*
2—*Steve O'Donnell*
3—*Louis Alterie*
4—*Albert Alselmi*
5—*Police Captain Stege*
6—*Chief Morgan A. Collins*
7—*Sheriff Peter Hoffman*
8—*State's Attorney Crowe*
9—*Captain William Schoemaker*

Raid Week in Chicago Reveals Gangland's Catacombs of Vice

By Sidney Sutherland

MURDER cars laden with bootleg gangsters had been skirling through the streets of Chicago for five years, belching death from sawed-off shotguns and automatic pistols. Then came the killing of Assistant State's Attorney McSwiggin and two companions with machine guns.

The beer and alcohol rings, with their records of murder and pillage, have been described. The present installment deals with a more infamous traffic, the profits of which were shared by politicians for the protection of suburban dives.

PART SIX

IN ripping the lid off underworld activities in Cook County, the police of Chicago uncovered a politico-criminal alliance.

Assistant State's Attorney William H. McSwiggin and his two companions were shot to death in Cicero the evening of April 27.

Late that night State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe had Sheriff Hoffman deputize 100 officers from the detective bureau. Under Chief of Detectives Schoemaker and Deputy Stege the squads descended upon Cicero and other county towns.

The raids continued for a week, and the revolting discoveries made by the posses challenge credulity. Since either the State's Attorney or the Sheriff would assume responsibility for the situation in Cook County if it reflected credit upon them, is it not just to assign responsibility to them for the condi-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A group of typical Liberty Boy Salesmen from Minnesota who are earning money every week and winning many fine prizes.

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[The MACHINE-GUNNING of McSWIGGIN Continued from Page Seventy-five]

tions disclosed by Schoemaker's raiders?

Let us follow Deputy Stege as he invaded and destroyed the Stockade, a dive in South Harlem Avenue, just outside Cicero. Roulette wheels, faro layouts, crap tables, a huge dining-room to feed the hundred girl inmates, and a long bar were busy night and day.

When the raiders arrived all the male attaches had fled. A dozen girls were sitting in the bar, and Stege could hear others whispering in the next room. He opened a door—and the room was empty! Persistent search disclosed that the girls were hiding in secret chambers between the walls. The building was a labyrinth of hidden rooms, rising floors, and descending ceilings.

In every apartment were nails in the walls which, when pressed, moved whole sections of panels aside.

Back of these panels were steel-encased closets, and in the spaces above the dropped ceilings and below the raised floors were shallow, cork-lined chambers.

IN these rooms a fugitive from justice might hide for days, listening to information through speaking - tubes and looking through the punctured eyes of female figures painted on the ceiling.

In these armored chambers Stege found automatic shotguns, rifles, pistols, bundles of dynamite sticks, and thousands of rounds of ammunition.

While his men were corralling the girls in the great dining-room, Stege went into the bar. There he wrecked a dozen slot machines; and in the cellar he found three fifty-gallon drums of "alky," seven barrels of Canadian ale, fifteen five-gallon jugs of wine, ten barrels of Capone beer, and a small brewery for making more.

Stege stumbled upon the books of the concern. These ledgers contained astonishing data, all entries being carefully set down after the names of the hundred girls, the gamblers who ran the games, the slot-machine earnings, the quarters in the pianos—and the percentage paid out for protection.

The gentleman who received this rake-off was not named, of course, the debit being merely "Paid out 10 per cent" of the gross intake.

What did the 10 per cent amount to? Well, the Stockade's earnings averaged $5,000 every week! And the raids revealed that there were thirty-two similar resorts running wide open in Cook County.

The Stockade was by far the largest of these infamous dives, but the books found in Burnham, Chicago Heights, Cicero, Melrose, and other towns indicated that the average earnings of the thirty-three were $3,000 each. This was more than $5,000,000 a year, of which the protection money came to $500,000 for—somebody.

Let us glance at some of the pages in the night book picked up at the Barracks in Burnham. In

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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permanent model

COUNTERPHASE

RECEIVERS

ARE THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF A FIRM THAT HAS NEVER BUILT A RADIO PRODUCT THAT WAS NOT A CONTINUED, OUTSTANDING SUCCESS.

The B-T "Nameless" and "Counterphase" circuits are known the world over as UNEXCELLED.

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BLONDEX

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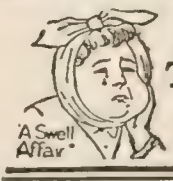
Do Your Teeth Ache?



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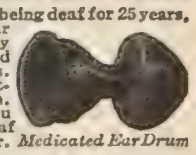

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DON'T MISS THIS—

The Amazing Story of

GILDA GRAY

In Next Week's Issue

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

July, 1925, the Barracks took in:

Week of July 5	$1,270.50
Week of July 12	$3,082.10
Week of July 19	$2,912.25
Week of July 26	$4,894.30

This means that more men got their pay the last week of the month, and spent more of it in nocturnal frolic.

The Barracks' books showed for the week of September 6, 1925:

Slot machines	$ 906.00
Piano	55.25
Rooms	5,891.00
Bar	2,677.10
Tables (gambling)	1,800.00
Gross	$11,329.35
Paid out 10%	1,133.00
	$10,196.35
Expenses	8,450.00
Net	$ 1,746.35

When Stege got through with this place at midnight on May 10 last, it was a wreck. It was from the safe, smashed open with sledge hammers, that he obtained these records.

What did the Barracks look like, that it could run so flaunting a course beside a great public highway? To the passing motorist it was merely a huge, weather-beaten frame barn. Inside it was furnished lavishly, but in bad taste. Secret panels, operated by hidden push buttons, concealed nooks equipped with deadly arsenals; bedrooms and alluring gambling layouts; also a shining bar and a great steel safe were other features of the establishment.

Twenty-five of the thirty-three resorts of this character were controlled by the Torrio-Capone crowd. The rest were divided among other hoodlum mobs. The Ship, the Hawthorne Inn, the Subway, the Farm, the Lighthouse, the 19th Hole, the Schiller Cafe, the Rendezvous, the Idle Hour, and the Amble Inn were the most conspicuous.

Protests from decent people living near by were stopped in several ways. One, the method most favored, was to find out all about these folks through one of the criminal lawyers in Chicago, and then send a man, say, to Mrs. Brown while John Brown was at the steel mills or in his office down town.

"Mrs. Brown," the vice syndicate's agent would say, "we are planning to open a little tavern across the street, just a soft-drink place, and we hope you will not be disturbed by our guests."

"I know what you mean!" Mrs. Brown would exclaim; "and if you try anything like that I'll report you to the sheriff."

"Now, Mrs. Brown," the visitor would continue, "we understand from our examination of your title to this home that there is a mortgage of $1,600 on it. Well, here is $1,600 cash to pay off; and here is $500 to build a garage and cement drive."

Who could resist such appeals in a financially harried household?

Other methods of gaining acquiescence were to batter in Mr. Brown's head, or to leave a stick of dynamite on his front steps.

With McSwiggin assassinated, the special grand jury hurled itself into a study of crime in all its aspects.

The ramifications led them so far from the original purpose—to find out who killed McSwiggin—that presently a sarcastic quip began to enjoy much popularity in Chicago.

"Well," a citizen would say to one of the special grand jurors, "you men must be digging up a lot of dirt in there?"

"I should say we are," the grand juror responds. "I never dreamed conditions were so rotten. Why, we are finding out all about the parole scandal, the gang wars, the Joliet prison break, and a dozen other tremendously important things."

"Fine! But have you found out who killed McSwiggin?"

"McSwiggin? McSwiggin? Who the hell's McSwiggin?"

THE grand jury's report to Judge Brothers said it didn't appear who killed McSwiggin, but that there was no doubt about there being lots of crime, and that most of the attacks on the State's Attorney's office were merely political clamorings by that official's opponents.

One of the peculiar habits of the city's gang leaders is to give banquets to incumbents of and candidates for public office, and one of the habits of the politicians is to attend them.

Thus the notorious man-killing Genna clan was prominent at a banquet given for State's Attorney Crowe, Lieutenant-Governor Fred Sterling, John K. Lawlor, Tax Assessor; Judge Edgar Jonas, Alexander Fyfe, president of the Hamilton Club; Judge F. E. Carpenter of Rockford; Secretary of State Louis L. Emmerson, State Auditor Oscar Nelson, and numerous other officials. Jim Genna and Diamond Joe Esposito, with Torpedoes Anselmi, Scalise, and other hoodlums, paid for the banquet and mingled with their guests.

Another interesting repast was held in Diamond Joe's restaurant at the christening of his baby boy. Among those present were United States Senator Charles S. Deneen, Judge William L. Morgan, Judge John Richardson, Judge A. M. Eberhardt, Joseph F. Haas, recorder; Thomas J. Healy, Deneen leader, and John F. Devine, clerk of the probate court.

An equally interesting collation was given by Dion O'Bannion to certain candidates just before the November elections in 1924. Present at this feast were O'Bannion, Colonel A. A. Sprague, Commissioner of Public Works in Mayor Dever's cabinet; Louis Alterie and Jerry O'Connor, hoodlums de luxe; Robert M. Sweitzer, County Clerk; Con Shea, labor thug; William Scott Stewart, criminal lawyer; Vincent (Scheemer) Drucci, killer; Chief of Detectives Michael Hughes, and others equally prominent in the upper and under worlds — some with their ladies.

P. & A. Photo

State's Attorney Crowe at another dinner given by the Esposito clan.

Three of the seven dry directors for the district have been indicted by Federal grand juries. Two prohibition agents have been convicted. Four former agents have been sent to jail for extortion. Dozens of agents and several directors have been permitted to pass quietly out of the picture without trial.

Today Chicago is flooded with liquor sold in hundreds of places, despite Mayor Dever's reiterations that the town is dry and that there is no crime!

And—to emphasize one paragraph in the report of the McSwiggin grand jury when they discarded the whitewash brush and enveloped themselves in the toga of prophets:

"Just as long as tremendous profits are to be made by violating the prohibition law to satisfy the unquenchable thirsts of Chicago citizens, just so long will there be political corruption, bribery, general and increasing lawlessness, and a harvest of human lives violently garnered by the gunman and the gangster."

THE END

Begin "War Birds" Next Week.

"Genius itself must learn the machinery of expression."

Rupert Hughes

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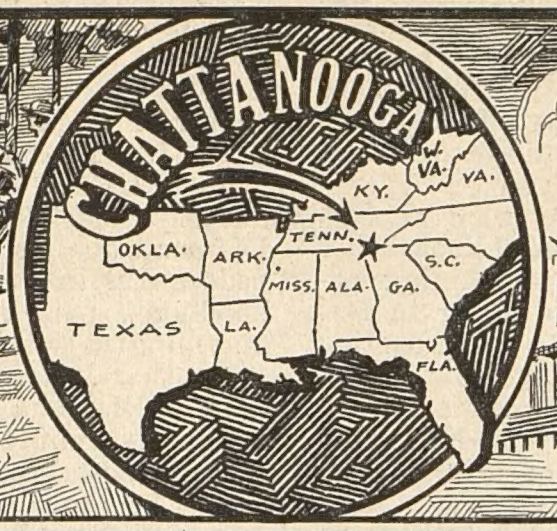

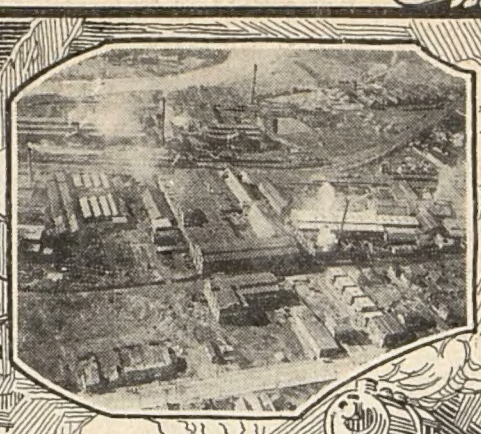

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   Every turn of every road in and around Chattanooga has a vista of scenic grandeur or of historical significance.

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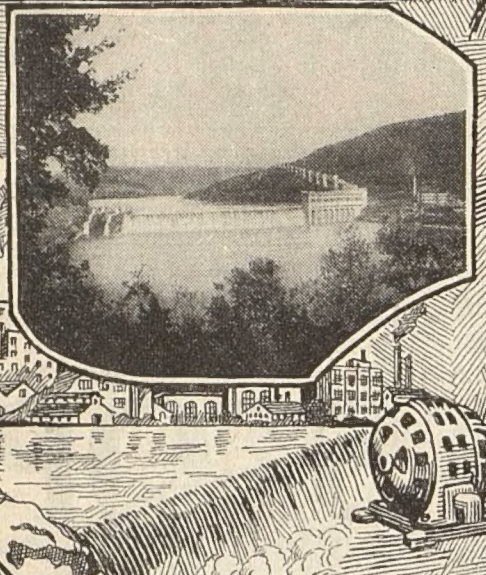

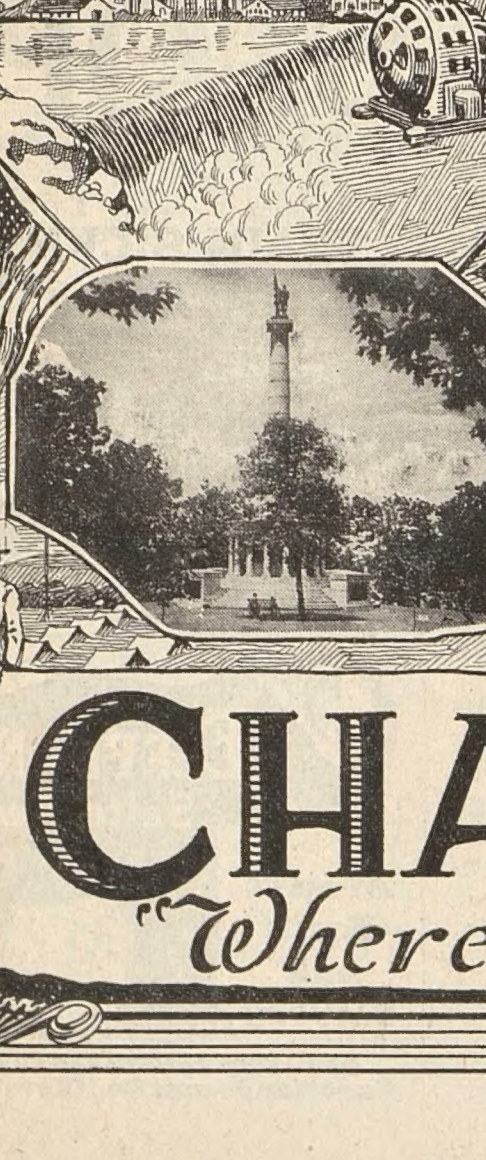

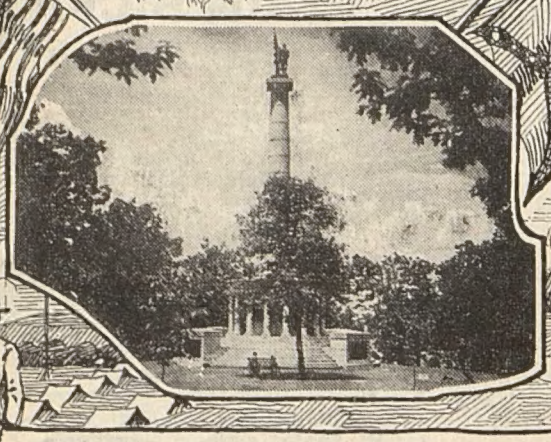

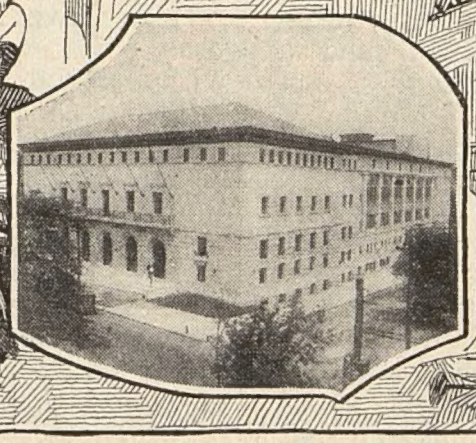

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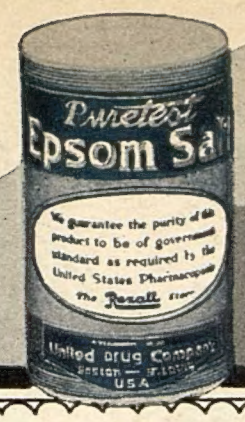

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